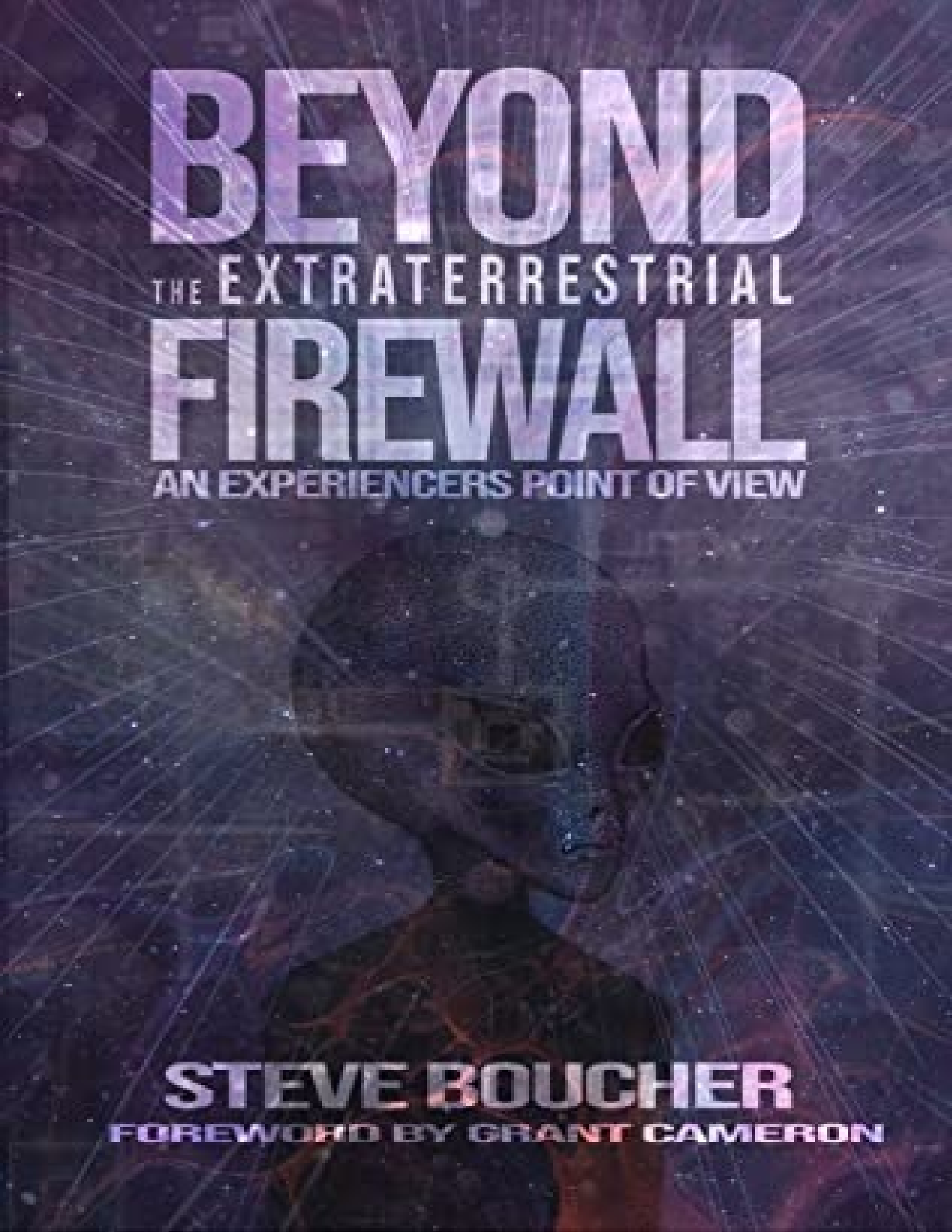
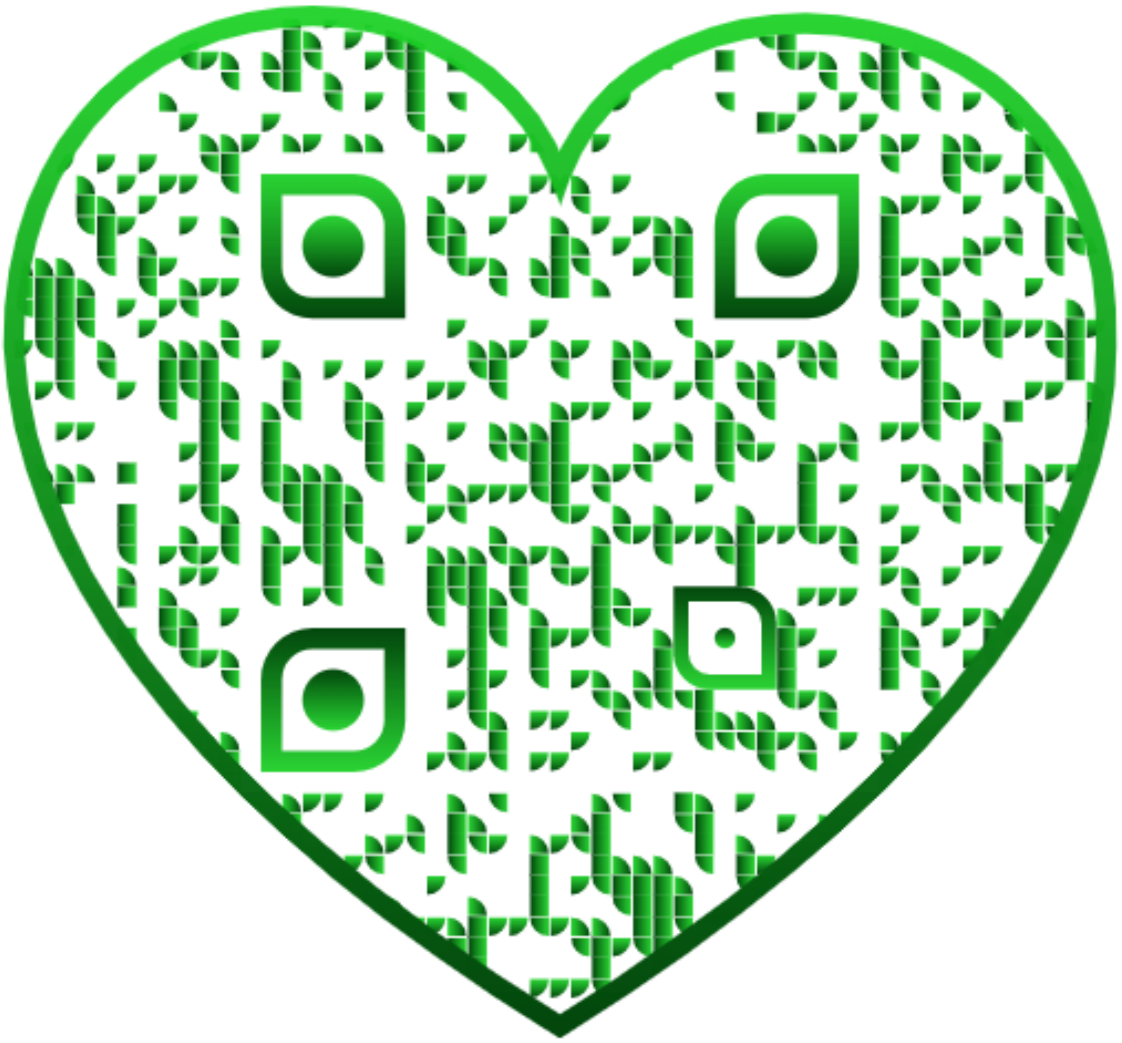
BEYOND THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL FIREWALL

AN EXPERIENCERS POINT OF VIEW



STEVE BOUCHER

FOREWORD BY GRANT CAMERON



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AN EXPERIENCER'S POINT OF VIEW

STEVE BOUCHER
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Foreword

I am proud to have been asked to do this forward for Steve Boucher's new book, *Beyond the Extraterrestrial Firewall* . It may not be the best UFO abduction case on file, but I will guarantee it is one of the weirdest. It is for that reason that I have insisted for years that Steve needed to record it in a book for history. This became even more critical when I saw the level of art that Steve does, which enables him to draw what he saw accurately.

Because the story you are about to read is bizarre, I should point out that the origin of my involvement in the story is also peculiar. It has to do with synchronicities, which are very common in the UFO world.

In 2014, I got a message from an experiencer, Chris Bledsoe, telling me that he had a message from a being that he was dealing with, and who he called the Guardians. They, according to Chris, had something they wished to say to me. I was told that "the message is in the music."

I told Chris the Guardians might have picked the wrong person for the message. I had no interest in music or messages about music until I found that Neil Young was a part of this alien music connection. That was the hook that was used to drag me in. As Neil Young grew up in my rather remote city, I was curious to check out this music message thing. I began to research and found out that there was a strong connection between musicians and UFOs.

As I researched, I came to learn that there was a strange connection between musicians and the UFO intelligence, whatever it may be. Among the hundreds of musicians, I discovered that there were three bands where the entire group appeared to have been abducted. One was the Moody Blues outside of London, England, in 1967. One was a Scottish band that I never did track down, and the third was a band out of St. Catharines Ontario in 1972.

The Canadian band story had been published in a UFO Journal released in Canada by the CUFORN research group. It had a great deal of detail, but all the names of the band members had been given pseudonyms.

I knew the researcher who had written the article and tried to contact him for more details so I could include this story in my book. I did not get a reply and was very frustrated.

It was in 2016 that I was in Brantford, Ontario attending a UFO conference called the 'Alien Cosmic Expo'. The Friday of the conference was

designated to showcase experiencers or people who have had UFO contact. It was a free open event that anyone could attend. I was helping to host the event and motivate people to tell their experiences.

During this event, Steve got up and started to tell his story. I was standing in the back of the room listening.

As Steve began to talk, the story he was telling sounded familiar. The more he spoke, the more familiar it became. “This guy,” I thought, “was from the St. Catharines band story that no longer had any leads to follow. I became extremely excited and decided to grab Steve after, to beg for an interview.

I ended up doing three interviews with Steve, and others have also interviewed him. One of his interviews by a Toronto film maker received over 2,200,000 hits on YouTube.

Steve also retold the story several times at my request at conferences. I would often ask a newcomer to the group, “Have you heard Steve’s abduction story?” When they said no, I would ask Steve to tell the entire story again. He would do it quietly, telling the same story he had told so many times, while the newcomer gazed back in amazement,

The story that Steve tells is not just a story he remembers. It is one where he traveled to New York City to be regressed by renowned regression researcher Budd Hopkins. That was followed up by at least a dozen other regressions back in Canada. Steve spent a lot of time and money to recover the memories of what had happened to him and the other band members.

In this book, you will read how Steve tracked down the other band members to get supporting evidence. He left no stone unturned in his pursuit of the truth. The result is a story I believe will make you go “Wow!” This may be part of a plan by the ET intelligence to get the story out. Make it strange to catch the attention of a society that is focused on its own ego. Make it weird, so it is almost impossible to go to another channel.

So, it was with the first abduction of Betty and Barney Hill. It became famous because people could not believe that aliens were abducting citizens from their cars. The second most noteworthy abduction was that of Travis Walton, not because he remembered anything, but because the being chose to take him for five days, which would turn heads. It did. Steve Boucher’s story will be told in the same breath as these “can we believe that” accounts.

The Boucher story is not only an essential read because of the bizarre nature of the story. It is also valuable because it is an experiencer story.

The modern UFO world is running in all directions, trying to figure out

what to do with the UFO story. Most of these efforts center on proving UFOs exist, so our friends and neighbors will no longer laugh at us.

That has led us to study UFO sightings, testimonies, videos, pictures, pieces of metal, landing traces, and various other pieces of evidence that can be measured and evaluated.

This materialistic based investigation, however, only gets us so far. We can convincingly demonstrate that there is a phenomenon that is engaging the world, but that is all it reveals. There are real UFOs. Big deal.

Steve's story is noteworthy because he had dealt with the UFO beings throughout his life and, as he will point out – before he was born.

If researchers want to figure out the UFO mystery, they must deal with the people, like Steve, who have actually encountered the intelligence behind the phenomena. We will never figure out the UFO mystery until we question and listen to the millions of experiencers who have interacted with these intelligences.

As with other experiencers, and unlike the government, Steve will tell you exactly what happened. He will tell you what they told him, which includes some answers to who they are and why they are here.

That is a crucial part of the story. It is a story I have waited for since I first heard it. Read it. It will not only entertain you. It may change your life and enlighten you to the realization there is much more to this world than you could ever imagine.

--GRANT CAMERON

Acknowledgments

I would like to thank Grant Cameron for his encouragement, support and video interviews, and Desta Barnabe for her patience and help during the writing of this book. I'd also like to thank my friend Kevin Estrella for hosting the Interviews with me on his 'Pyramids on Mars' Internet Radio Show. I want to acknowledge my friend Dolly for putting up with my incessant babbling about quantum physics and extraterrestrial cosmologies.

I gratefully acknowledge Mitch Fillion of 'Near Death Experiment' for the exquisite videos of my story that went viral. Many thanks to Adele Barnabe for the many hours she spent editing as well as Grant Frost B.A., a Harvard graduate with a degree in English Literature for his proof-reading and final editing skills. I am eternally grateful.

I want to thank my friends Yanick Aumond, Catherine Begrow, Phil Clark, Greg Godovitz, Nancy Tremaine, Diane Tessman, Jocelyne DeSautels, Ted Bloecher, Suzy Hansen, Campbell Foster, the 3 CUFORN directors - Harry Tokarz, Joe Muskat, and Larry Fenwick, Dr. Susan Schulman, Wanda Hewer Jackson, Miesha Johnston, Cynthia Sue Larson, Liz Throp, Joanne Summers, Jo-Anne Eadie, Dave Scott, Stu Bundy, Jerry Wills and the late Budd Hopkins who launched me on this amazing journey. All played a part either directly or indirectly in the culmination of this work.

To Alexander (the Hitchhiker)…
Where did you go?

Introduction

When I began the project of writing this book, I was challenged with the task of deciding on a title for it. I had a couple of ideas in mind, but at the time, I wasn't sure of what direction the book was going to take me in. So, rather than write the book around a title, I felt it best to allow the book the freedom to take its own direction and wait until the end to give it a title. I believe that to have been a wise decision.

The first part of the book deals with my extraterrestrial experiences from when I was a young toddler until I was about 21 years of age. Then, at about the age of 27, I began recalling fragments of the experiences, at which point I decided to try to find a way to remember what had happened to me. The next part of the book deals with the investigation of my case, first by Budd Hopkins and subsequently by the Canadian UFO Research Network (CUFORN).

After having undergone at least a dozen regressive hypnosis sessions by a couple of different hypnotherapists, I had a much better conscious understanding of what took place during those early years of my life and the case was published in several journals and a few books, all the while maintaining the secrecy of my true identity. The CUFORN team had given me a pseudonym (Jack T.) as I did not want my real name to be released publicly for fear of ridicule.

Thirty-four years later, in 2016, I made the decision to go public with my story. So, I have had many years to process the experiences. It completely changed the way I perceived reality because of the high strangeness of these experiences. And so, I was uneasy about revealing some of the more bizarre aspects of them. However, I decided that if I was going to tell my story, I was going to tell all of it, despite what the result might bring. I would 'jump off the bridge’ when I came to it.

When I began doing videos and interviews that showed up on YouTube, some members of my family and friends thought that I had gone off the deep end and began to treat me differently. I was emotionally prepared for this. I knew it would happen. In my defense, I can only say that I am still the same person I've always been. I've known about this for about thirty-four years. Nothing has changed, except that I had decided to let them in on it.

I couldn't blame them. I questioned my own sanity when I underwent the

process of integrating the experiences into my understanding of reality. But then, I reasoned that if I had gone off the deep end, then why was this not manifesting itself in other areas of my life? I had the same problems in life as anyone else and I found my own ways to resolve them. I have managed to hold down a challenging job and am currently functioning as a productive member of society in the workforce.

But, getting back to my book, at some point, I got introduced to the concept that we may be living in a simulated holographic reality and it began to make sense to me. I will go into this in more detail in the later chapters of the book. I came to realize from studying the work of Nicola Tesla, Michael Talbot, David Bohm, and others, that everything is based on vibrational frequencies and that what exists, that we believe to be reality, is all part of a vast, multi-level frequency spectrum.

We are only able to observe a tiny sliver of the entire spectrum that we call the visible light range. The audio frequency range operates similarly, as it is inclusive the same overall frequency spectrum, leading us to question what exists beyond the veil that we are unable to observe with our five senses. I believe that there may be trillions of living entities populating this frequency range beyond what we are currently capable of perceiving. Just because we can't see or hear them, doesn't mean that they aren't there. Animals, such as dogs and cats, and some people with high clairvoyant ability can perceive this higher level of reality to varying degrees.

However, if we are living in a holographic simulation, then it seems more apropos to call this veil that separates us from what we can't perceive, a ‘firewall’. I believe that beings we might refer to as extraterrestrials actually populate this frequency spectrum beyond the visible light range and reside on the other side of this firewall. And so, they would be best described as interdimensional beings.

Based on this concept, I arrived at the title of the book ‘ *Beyond the Extraterrestrial Firewall’* . Life for these interdimensional beings is probably quite different on the other side of the firewall, as they don’t appear to be constrained by the laws of Newtonian Physics. They seem to operate more in alignment with the characteristics of quantum physics. This permits them to enjoy greater freedoms than we can on our corporeal side of the firewall. They are not limited by time and space the way we are. They don't experience gravity the same way we do, and they can travel from one location to another instantaneously, not being restricted by the limitation of the speed of light, which

is contingent upon the laws of Newtonian Physics as it relates to space time.

I am convinced that this is how they can travel such vast distances across time and space in such a short period of time. The ships they use are able to maintain a vibrational frequency above the visible light range, allowing them to be undetectable to the naked eye, also allowing them to pop into our visible light spectrum just as easily, simply by lowering their vibrational frequency to accommodate our range of perception.

Their ships actually generate a field that shields them, to some extent, from the physical laws which govern our 3D/4D realm. Within this field, or bubble, if you will, they are isolated from the laws of gravity and centrifugal force and so, they are able to effortlessly make 90 degree turns at speeds that would kill us if we were able to make those kinds of turns with our current technology. In other words, we would become a *splat on the windshield* .

As science has been finding smaller and smaller particles at the Planck level through advanced technology, I have often wondered if they realize that they are peering through the firewall into a realm beyond the illusory world we have come to believe is ‘all that is’. I feel that they do. Science is trying to tap into, not only other dimensions but also parallel universes, with devices such as the Large Hadron Collider (LHC).

Many of us have been clamoring for disclosure regarding what our governments know about UFOs that they have concealed from us for so many years. Perhaps we're looking in the wrong place. Personally, I feel that disclosure will not come to those looking for it in the field of Ufology, but from collecting the bread crumbs being released to us in the various fields of science that have already been disclosed for whoever chooses to look there.

It's just a matter of putting those pieces together. These technologies are not protected by non-disclosure agreements and military secrecy, the way UFO's are. If we stay on top of the latest scientific developments published in science and quantum physics journals, I feel we will gain a far deeper understanding of how reality works and it will ultimately lead us to the ETs.

The frequencies that construct our reality are comprised of energy and information. They are manifested as fields of geometric patterns vibrating within and around us. The physicist Hans Jenny coined the term ‘Cymatics’ to describe the acoustic effects of the sound wave phenomenon. When a metal plate is induced to vibrate at a particular sound frequency and particles such as salt, or sand are poured onto it, the particles arrange themselves in organized geometric patterns, which change shape as the sound frequencies are raised or lowered.

These sound waves are continuously occurring all around us. There are frequencies upon frequencies, which piggy-back on other frequencies like ripples occurring on waves of greater amplitude. It can be heard as 'white noise', a matrix of multiple vibrations occurring in equal intensity at different frequencies. We can observe the cymatic structural organization produced by these vibrations at the microcosmic and macrocosmic scales. If we examine the geometric pattern of a snowflake, we are observing what I would term as a display of 'microcymatics' (my own term).

Just as electrons orbit around the nucleus of an atom, so planets orbit around stars, and stars orbit around what some scientists believe is a gigantic black hole at the center of the galaxy. This model appears to be a kind of fractalized pattern that is repeatedly displayed from the microcosm to the macrocosm. The principles are the same, and can be expressed in the ancient axiom. 'As Above, So Below.'

If we look at the principle of cymatics applied to the Milky Way galaxy, the whole structure appears to be held in place by some kind of a wave signal, like the sound waves produced in the plate used by Hans Jenny. This signal is what is keeping us in the ‘Goldilocks Zone’. If we were any closer to the sun, everything would dry up and the earth would become a barren wasteland. If we were further away from the sun, everything would freeze and life would cease to exist. If the wave signal were to abruptly cease, the entire universe would immediately lapse into chaotic entropy.

However, it seems that this signal is consistent throughout all of creation, hardly what we would expect to see if the universe had begun with a Big Bang. I have never been comfortable with the theory of the Big Bang. Alternately, I feel that the universe began as a conceptual idea emerging from the universal mind of the One Infinite Creator who called it into being. It thus became a thought form, unfolding and filtering downward from the highest dimensions of sublime consciousness to the lower levels of density, being projected and conceived as matter, thereby manifesting the universe in a much more orderly fashion. I believe that consciousness, not matter, is the root of all being. But I am not a scientist and I'm sure that most academic scientists adhering to the Big Bang theory would give little consideration to what I just stated.

The system that governs our reality is not random, but well organized, and there is an intelligence underpinning its design. I believe this intelligence is sentient and permeates all things. It is the common denominator that makes us one with everything throughout the entire universe. We could call it God, or the

Source, the Universe, the Field, the Implicate Order, or whatever name you wish to call it. But, if we give it a name, we limit it according to our own perception, and the attempt to observe, measure or define it collapses the wave function.

In the words of the Danish philosopher, theologian & poet, Soren Kierkegaard, "If you name me, you negate me. By giving me a name, a label, you negate all of the other things I could possibly be. You lock the particle into being a thing by pinning it down, naming it." If we just accept that it simply ‘is’, without attempting to define it, then it remains an ocean of infinite potential.

Chapter 1

Remembering my Experiences

It was sometime in 1982, shortly after my 5-year marriage had ended in divorce, when I temporarily moved back home with my parents. At that time, we were living in St. Catharines. As a 29-year-old, I was reading a great deal to take my mind off this unpleasant part of my life. It was time to find a new book to read. I had been reading many books by Carlos Castaneda and heard that he had recently released a new book called *The Eagle's Gift* , so I drove to the Pen Centre Shopping Mall to buy it. Native American Shamanism interested me as did many other paranormal subjects. UFOs was one of them but wasn't really of significant interest to me at the time.

Once in the bookstore, I headed toward the occult section, where I spotted a book called *Missing Time* by Budd Hopkins. Picking it up, I glanced at the cover notes. It looked interesting, and I thought I might read it after *The Eagle's Gift* . So, I put it back on the shelf and looked a bit further until the book I was looking for jumped out at me. Both books were hardcover editions. Grabbing the book, I began heading for the cashier when suddenly I felt an intuitive tugging to buy Budd Hopkins' book instead.

So, I went back and looked at *Missing Time* again. *The Eagle's Gift* was a thicker book and would have taken longer to read, and it was more expensive. I tried to shrug the feeling off and again headed for the cashier with *The Eagle's Gift* . It was as though an inner voice was telling me, "No. Go back and buy *Missing Time* ." So, I went back once more.

This time, I put *The Eagle's Gift* back and picked up *Missing Time* . Not being too sure why I was buying it when that was not the book I went there to buy, I went with my gut feeling and bought it.

Before this, I had read a few UFO books by George Adamski and was intrigued by his claims that he had met extraterrestrial beings from outer space. I was also aware of the Barney and Betty Hill story that came out in the '60s when I lived in Nanaimo, BC. Returning home, I began reading *Missing Time* . It captivated my interest so much that I couldn't put the book down. It featured many case studies of people who had had unusual events happen to them, where they had lost time in their lives and could not recall what had happened to them

during those times. Often, they would discover marks on their bodies later that weren't there before.

As I read the book, I began to have flashes of memories of a time when I was four years old, with my dad driving home from somewhere at night, and a strange white light was following the car. I mused over this, thinking it was probably just a dream. I continued to read, but couldn't seem to dismiss the thoughts of that light following the car. More flashes of memory came, details of it being some kind of ship that came down on the road in front of us. It lit up the entire road and my dad had to stop the car. Is it possible that this might not be a dream, I wondered?

Near the end of the book, there was a short paragraph entitled *How to Report A Suspected UFO Experience* . In that section, Budd had written: "If you believe you may have had the kind of experience dealt with in this book, you may wish to write your recollections in detail to Budd Hopkins c/o Richard Marek Publishers, Inc. 200 Madison Avenue New York, New York 10016. As time permits, an investigator will be in touch with you. All letters will be kept strictly confidential."

By this time, I had consciously remembered a large portion of the experience with my dad and was considering writing to Budd Hopkins to tell him about it. I tried to talk myself out of it, convincing myself that it was only a dream. To put an end to my internal conflict, I finally decided to ask my dad if he remembered it. If he remembered, then I would write the letter. If not, it would be time to let it go.

With some apprehension, I approached my Dad as he sat on the couch reading the newspaper. I didn't call him Dad but had always called him by his first name, Ron, since I had been a small child. When I was a toddler, I had heard my mother calling him that and quickly picked up the habit. They both thought this was amusing and laughed about it when family friends would hear me call him Ron, so they just never bothered to correct me. It became a kind of long-standing joke.

Sitting down beside him, I began to describe briefly to him what I had remembered. For the benefit of the reader, here is a more detailed description of the events that took place.

We were coming home from somewhere in Owen Sound, where we were living at the time. It was dark outside, and we were traveling along a country road. I remember evergreen trees lining both sides of the road, and there seemed to be no traffic. In those days, the cars had a shelf behind the back seat. It was

wide enough for a child my age to climb up and lay down on it. So, as a four-year-old, I used to do this fairly often. The back window sloped over the shelf and made it possible for me to lay there and look up at the night sky.

That particular night I was lying there as my dad was driving, and I noticed one of the stars was moving. After watching it for a while, I noticed it was getting larger. It appeared to be following us. Suddenly, someone seemed to be inside my head, talking to me. Details of the conversation escaped me, but it seemed strange. So, I slid down from the shelf and climbed over the front seat to sit in the passenger seat next to my dad. Staring out the window, I could see the light matching our speed slightly above the trees. Until that point, my dad was still unaware of it.

“What’s that light out there?” I queried. “What light?” he responded. “That light,” I stated, pointing at the enormous white light that was matching our speed. My dad then looked out the driver's side window and spotted it. He immediately went into a panic. “What is it?” I persisted. I could see that my dad was visibly shaken. “Shut up. Leave me alone!” He had never spoken to me that way before. In retrospect, I wonder if he was speaking to me, or if he was hearing them in his head, and was replying to them!

His foot pressed down hard on the accelerator as he attempted to outrun the light. As fast as we were traveling, the light continued to match our speed. Then suddenly, it quickly shot ahead of us and began to descend onto the road. My dad slammed on the brakes and came to a dead stop. We were both staring at this object, which was some craft that completely lit up the road and the trees around us. It glowed brightly before us. We sat watching it for a minute or so, and then my dad seemed to regain his composure.

He turned to me with fear in his eyes and spoke. “Listen to me. I want you to stay down low, so they don’t see you. Whatever happens, don’t get out of the car and don’t look over the dashboard. Stay down low. Don’t you get out of the car!” he insisted. “I’m going to go and see what they want.” I was disappointed that he wasn’t going to take me with him but didn’t feel any danger. My dad opened the door and got out, closing it behind him.

Not being able to resist the temptation to peek over the dashboard, I watched him walking toward the strange saucer-shaped object, which was now sitting in the middle of the road. The brightness had dimmed somewhat, and there appeared to be two men who had come around the right side of the craft. One seemed to be having a conversation with my dad. The other one stood back a few feet to his left.

The men were not clearly visible, and I wondered if we knew them. My curiosity was escalating, and I desperately wanted to see them. So, despite my dad's strong warning to stay in the car, I decided to get out to see what was going on. Probably I would be in trouble for it, but could no longer retain my curiosity. When you're four years old, you can get away with a lot. Sliding over to the driver's seat, I opened the door. Quietly I got out, leaving the door open, and began walking toward my dad and the two men. My dad must have heard me coming and tried to obstruct the view of the man he was talking to, using his body. At the same time, he put his right arm behind his back and was motioning with his hand for me to stay back.

Approaching them, I could see the other man staring at me. He had a large head, grayish skin, huge black eyes, and was wearing what looked to me like some blueish silver uniform. The man speaking to my dad suddenly moved his head quickly to his left and spotted me. He looked much the same as the other man. Having no fear, I walked up behind my dad, where I could see the man's face. As I stared at his eyes, I heard him say to my dad, "You seem to be concerned about the child."

My dad forced a bit of a laugh and responded sheepishly, "Oh yes, that's my boy." He then turned to me and scolded me. "I told you to stay in the car. Why didn't you listen to me?" He was very angry with me. "I want to see!" I pleaded. At that point, the man who was speaking to my dad asked, "Would you like my crewman to take the boy back to your vehicle?" My dad tried to excuse us from the situation by explaining, "No, that's okay; my wife is waiting for us at home, and we have to go."

Without a moment's hesitation, the man referred to as the 'crewman' walked over to me, took my hand, and began to take me back to the car. Looking back over my shoulder, I could see my dad standing there watching us with a very uncomfortable look on his face. I got in through the driver's side, and the 'crewman' got in beside me and sat in the driver seat. Although he looked very different from most people, I was accustomed to seeing, I felt no fear of him. My parents often hired a babysitter to look after me when they wanted to go out somewhere, so I was comfortable being temporarily in someone else's care.

The first thing the being did was put his hands on the steering wheel, and he asked me, "What does this do?" From the perspective of a 4-year-old, I described to him how it makes the car go this way, or that way, pointing left and right. He then looked at the pedals on the floor and asked, "What do these do?" I explained how one makes the car move, and the other one makes it stop.

Looking out the windshield I realized that I could no longer see my dad and the other man, as they had probably gone inside the ship.

The crewman continued, “Could we make it go now?” I told him we couldn’t because you have to turn it on first. He then asked me, “How do you turn it on?” I explained that you have to put the key in here and turn it as I pointed at the ignition switch. “Do you have the key?” he inquired as he looked at me. “No, my dad has it.” The conversation seemed so natural it escaped my notice that he was speaking to me in my head in perfect English. His lips were not moving. But I was replying to him audibly.

He pointed at the radio on the dashboard, asking, “What does this do?” I explained that it was the radio and that you could hear people talking on it and hear music. “Oh, can you talk back to them?” he continued. “No, it doesn’t work that way. You can only listen.” He kept me occupied with his questions for quite a while. He asked what I did during the day. “Do you go to school?” “No, not until next year.”

My dad was coming around the side of the ship with the other man, and they stopped where I had first seen them. “I have to leave now,” the crewman stated. I had been enjoying his company and didn’t want him to leave. “Can’t you stay a bit longer?” I pleaded. “Maybe for a minute.” He then stopped asking me questions and stared intently at the other man speaking to my dad.

The man with my dad nodded his head to the man beside me, and he then told me, “Now, I do have to go.” He got out of the car and passed my dad on the road coming back. When my dad got in, I expected him to be very angry with me for disobeying him, but he was very quiet. We watched the ship get brighter, and it began to lift off the road and slowly vanish over the treetops. My dad started the car, and we headed for home.

Figure 1 This is my Dad and me around the time I witnessed my Dad's abduction while sitting in the car with one of the grey beings. The being babysat me until my Dad returned. Later, they came back again to return my Dad's glasses that he had left on the ship.

Back in 1982, I had remembered most of what I described here, but not in so much detail. I asked my dad if he remembered any of this. He stared at me with wide eyes and exclaimed, “Yes, I remember that! All this time, I thought it was a dream!” He said that he clearly remembered putting his hand behind his back and motioning for me to go back to the car. He repeated many of the parts of the story back to me, confirming my recollection. It became clear to both of us that this was no dream. It was a real incident. We both had goosebumps.

After my dad confirmed to me it was all real, I decided to write to Budd Hopkins. After sitting down, I wrote everything I could remember at the time about the incident with my dad, and some additional fragments of memory that appeared to be from a different event, sealed it in an envelope and mailed it to him at the address written in his book. Hopefully, someone in my area might contact me and offer to help me explore the incident.

About a week later, the phone rang, and my mother answered. I was in my room vaguely aware that she was talking to someone when she called out to me. “Steve, Budd Hopkins is on the phone!” I was caught off guard, never expecting that he would actually call me. Jumping up, I quickly ran to the phone. He greeted me, informed me that he got my letter and had good reason to believe my father and I had had a real UFO experience. He also suspected that there might have been others. He asked me if I had any vacation time coming up. A one-week vacation was coming up a couple of weeks away, in which I had planned to go to Owen Sound to visit my best friend.

Budd informed me that he was an artist and that he had a studio in Manhattan. He said he would like me to come to Manhattan and stay at his art studio for a week. He said that he wanted to schedule me for three hypnosis sessions with Dr. Aphrodite Clamar, who did the sessions on the people mentioned in his book, *Missing Time* . He also wanted to arrange for me to see a behavioral therapist to have a psychological profile done. He had initially hoped that my dad would come as well, but he wasn’t able to because he had to work and didn’t have any immediate vacation time scheduled.

He mentioned an inexpensive way for me to get there using the ‘Sky Bus.’ These were daily flights used by business executives. The planes were DC-10s, which were somewhat smaller than the usual travel jets. He told me that his studio was a completely furnished apartment with a bedroom, kitchen, and bathroom in addition to the open studio area where he worked on his art. He said that he wouldn’t be there, but someone would meet me at the airport and take me to the studio and give me a key. I would only be responsible for my food and the cost of the flight.

And so, I agreed to go, very excited about it. I had never done much traveling and had never flown on a jet before. It was disappointing that Budd wouldn’t be there, but still exciting to be going. At the time, I had no idea this was to be one of the most exciting adventures of my life.

Chapter 2

A Sunny Day in Manhattan

It was a sunny day in Manhattan when I arrived at LaGuardia Airport and found a man waiting for me carrying a sign that read ‘Budd Hopkins’. I knew he was my contact. He was a tall, thin, older man with longish blond hair. Walking up to him, I introduced myself. He introduced himself as Ted Bloecher. He seemed about 15 to 20 years older than me. We went to get my luggage then left the airport. We conversed a bit on the way to Budd’s studio, but Ted didn’t seem to be very happy that Budd had recruited him to pick me up at the airport. He didn’t seem to like me much and didn’t try to hide it.

He complained about how Budd was always getting him to pick up these abductee people for him and that most of them were fakes. He treated me as though he figured I was one of them. Then we got on to the subject of UFOs. As we talked, I was keeping up quite well with his knowledge of the subject, and he realized that I had done a considerable amount of research on it myself and knew a lot more than he had expected. His demeanor seemed to soften after a while, and he became friendlier.

When we arrived at Budd’s studio, we went inside, and he showed me around and gave me a key and a list of the appointments Budd had arranged for me. He then apologized to me for the abrupt manner in which he treated me when we first met. “I thought you were just another attention seeker wanting to meet Budd Hopkins.” He said. “The abruptness is just kind of a little dance I do to filter them out.” It seemed a sort of strategic role he used to play, like ‘Devil’s Advocate.’

He told me that there was a convenience store just down the street if I needed anything. He left me with warnings not to go out at night unless necessary, and if I did, to go directly where I needed to go and not to make eye contact, or talk with anyone who might approach me and to keep the door locked at all times. He gave me the distinct impression that this was an unsavory area of town. It made me feel a bit nervous.

After he left, I walked around the studio and looked at several of the art pieces Budd had created hanging on the walls of the studio. The paintings were large, colorful, and abstract that seemed to suggestively imply stylized angelic

beings. They were done on canvas stretched over a custom shaped wooden frame. Ted had said he called them *Guardians* . The studio was large and roomy, and the back wall was mostly all glass. It faced south, so it provided plenty of light for working. There was a wall just outside the glass, which was like a 5-6 ft high window well, and the only view was that of the adjacent rooftop. There was a large workbench upon which were all kinds of jars of different colored acrylic paints that appeared to have been well used.

Unpacking my things, I decided that since it was late afternoon, I would venture out to the convenience store and pick up a six-pack of beer and something to snack on. So, I went outside, locking the door behind me. The convenience store was not far down the road. Looking to my left, I noticed that there was a pool hall on the corner of the street. Standing outside the door of the pool hall was a tough-looking muscular man with black hair. He was talking to an older, disabled man in a wheelchair that was painted fluorescent green. They seemed to be having an argument.

Remembering Ted's warning, I went on my way to the convenience store, bought the six-pack and some food, and returned to the studio, avoiding eye contact with everyone who passed me. The two men at the pool hall were still there. Going inside I settled in for the night. There was a separate bedroom with a large king-size bed for me to sleep in. I drank a couple of beers and then laid down on the bed and fell asleep.

The next morning, Ted called, "Good news!" he said, "Budd is going to be coming here after all. He'll be arriving around the middle of the week, from his home in Cape Cod." I was very happy to hear that. "I knew he wouldn't be able to resist meeting you when I told him that I felt you were on the level." He continued. Thankfully, I had passed Ted's screening process and I felt had earned a kind of ' *rite of passage* '.

Ted was going to meet me in the afternoon and take me to my first hypnosis session with Dr. Clamar. So, I decided to go out for a walk to locate a restaurant and have breakfast. I went down the street toward the pool hall, crossed the street and walked up the adjacent one to see what was there. Walking up the road, I saw many disturbing things that gave me an alarming perspective of the dark side of Manhattan.

Nearly all the buildings that lined the street had vomit in the doorways. Some had old blankets covered in vomit. Continuing my walk, I discovered a fluorescent green wheelchair wheel on the boulevard. Further down the street were more pieces of the wheelchair. It was disconcerting. Where I discovered

the last piece of the wheelchair, there was a small paved parking lot that contained a huge dumpster. I couldn't bring myself to go and look inside of it. I was afraid of what I might see, so I kept on walking.

Finally, I came to a restaurant and went in to have breakfast. After eating, I walked back to the studio and waited for Ted to arrive. He soon showed up, and we went to Dr. Clamar's office. Her office was in a small brick building that seemed quite modern inside. A couple of Budd's Guardian paintings hung on the walls. I asked Ted, "How does Budd pay her for doing the sessions on the people he brings her?" "She is a big fan of his artwork. So, he pays her in art." He replied.

Dr. Clamar was a short older woman with a strong accent that I didn't recognise. She led me into a room that looked like someone's living room. There was a sofa and some tables with lamps on them. She had me lie down on the couch and gave me enough pillows to make me comfortable. A cassette tape recorder had been set up to record the session.

Once induced, I began recalling an incident when I was around 17 and had a rock band. We were coming home from playing at a house party when we encountered a saucer-shaped craft on the road ahead of us. It took two sessions over two days for me to retrieve the complete memory of this incident.

Transcript of the First Hypnosis Session with Dr. Aphrodite Clamar

The first session began on June 23, 1982, at Dr. Clamar's office. I will skip the dialogue of the introduction to hypnosis and the induction process and proceed with the account immediately following. Ted Bloecher was also in attendance for the session.

AC : Tell us where your thoughts are, Steve.

Steve : I started from the point inside the van. We've left the party already. I'm looking around the inside of the van. I'm trying to see who's all inside the van with me. It seems there's a person there that we were giving a ride home from the party...a guy. There are just the band members and this guy. And uh...it's this guy who opened the door and let them in. (At this point, I switched to an earlier point in time during the same incident.)

Steve : We're driving along, and the driver notices this thing on the road. He's already told us that he thought it was an accident up ahead, but we're approaching it and... It's not an accident. I'm trying to see it more clearly. I

seem to remember it making noises. Sounds like hydraulic or pneumatic pressure being released... a hissing sound.

Steve : (After a long pause.) I'm trying to remember the features on the ship... trying to remember what they looked like. It's a greyish color, and it's got portholes, and there's a dome on the top of it. I don't see any lights now. I seem to remember it having lights, but now I don't see any lights. It's just sitting there.

And uh... we decided that we're going to stay completely still and not say a word. It's really quiet inside the van. Sam (the drummer) asked Tom if he sees 'that.' And Tom acknowledges, but he tells him to be quiet. (I'm having trouble visualizing.) I see the top of the head of the alien going by the window and the eyes, dark eyes.

I'm skipping parts...where they tried to get Tom's door open. I didn't see them. They must not have been high enough to show through the window. But yet, I saw one of them go by the large side window. He must have been floating or something. This is not coming through as clear as I would like it to.

AC : Let yourself concentrate on the images in front of you. Things are going to get sharper and sharper. The images will get sharper and clearer. Your memory will co-operate and help you.

Steve : The light is bothering me. (There was a very bright light in Aphrodite's office on the end table where I was lying on the couch. Most of the session, I spent with my arm covering my eyes, and I was finding it rather difficult to relax.)

Steve : Okay, I see this guy in the van that we were giving a ride home. He suddenly, without warning, reaches over and pulls the handle and opens up the door. Then, I see these beings standing outside, four of them. The one enters the van. We were thinking thoughts of trying to get something to hit them with, and he knows this, but for some reason, we can't move.

We could move if we wanted to but, he's stopping us somehow, preventing us from...I'm trying to get a look at his face. His eyes are very dark... seems to have a ridge above his eyes where an eyebrow should be, but there isn't one. His head is very large. I'm seeing the eyes a little different now. His mouth kind of droops down at the sides; it is just a small mouth, like a slit, and it drops down a little at the sides.

I can't see why it's so hard for me to visualize this. He's concerned about the safety of himself and the members of his crew that we are going to harm them. He wants to run some tests, and he says they won't take very long. He wants

some of us to go with him, and he's picked Calvin (the bass player) and Sam. He seems to be scanning our thoughts, and he's picked me. He asks us to follow him.

He's walking out of the van, and he's tripped on a snare drum stand. It's fallen over, and the drum just rolled out the back of the van onto the ground. There are two aliens there now, and one of them has picked it up. I get a better look at his face. He's looking at the drum. Calvin gets out of the van, and I follow him out. I have my recorders (flutes) with me in the bag. (At the time, I kept them in a burlap bag with a drawstring.)

There are two aliens outside the door, and I'm facing them. The one on the left is holding the drum. The other one is standing by the door looking, and the one holding the drum asks if it's okay, and I look at it, and it seems to be okay. It's a red drum, red metal fleck. He asks me who owns it, and I tell him, “It’s Sam’s.” Sam is still in the passenger seat, and I point to him. He seems annoyed that I pointed to him. He was hoping that they'd forget about him.

So, one of the aliens goes over to the passenger door and asks him to step out. He opens the door and comes out and walks around to the back of the van. The alien holding the drum asks him if it's okay, and he says it looks alright. He puts it back in the van; he doesn't put it back on the stand. He puts it on the floor of the van. And then they asked us to come with them... they don't ask us, but I know... I know that's what they want us to do.

I start to take my recorders with me, and Calvin asks me why I'm bringing them along, and I didn't want to answer him, but I thought that I could show them (the aliens) and explain how they work. I had several different thoughts in my head, and none of them seemed like a good solid reason why I should bring them with me. Then, the leader (the one that came into the van), knew my thoughts and said that it was okay. So, I brought them with me.

Then, the three of us... the two aliens were on the right, and the leader walked in front. Sam was in front of Calvin and me. I don't know if there was a fourth alien at that time or not. So, we started to walk over towards the ship. It seemed like it was hot like an aircraft would be after a flight. We walked over to the entrance to the ship in front of the right of the van.

I can see the shape of the ship a lot more clearly now. It's silvery, metallic... looks like aluminum and the door is open. There's a wall inside of the door, and the steps go around into it... metallic steps. They were corrugated looking. And there's a little overhang. They take us up these steps, it is dark, and there's a passageway. The walls look black and dark. Then it kind of curves around to the

left, and inside the ship, it’s lit.

It doesn't look much different at this point than entering any other room. And there's this little foyer. We're all in the foyer. Inside, the room curves to the left, and I see these cots. There are two or three of them. And then he (the alien) asks me to... he takes me over to these cots and he asks me to undress and sit on one.

I'm kind of embarrassed that he's asked me to get undressed. I start taking my shirt off, and I take everything off, but my pants and he's over talking to the others. He just left me standing there. I'm waiting for him to turn around, so I can ask him if I can keep my underwear on. Then he comes back, and I ask him if I can keep my underwear on. He doesn't know what underwear is. I have to explain that it's a small article. I show him the band, and when I think the image of it, he picks it up right away. He says that it’s okay, and then I took my pants off and got up on the cot. I still had my recorders in my hand, and I put them down on the cot to my left.

There is another alien collecting up the clothes off the floor in a bundle. He's coming over to get the recorders, and I'm worried about what he's going to do with my clothes and my recorders. The leader tells me that he's going to put them over here on the floor. He puts them down on the floor in the corner where I can see them.

Then they start to move me on the cot. I'm still sitting on it. They start to move me to the other side... to the far end of the ship from the doorway. I'm looking back at the door, and I can see Sam standing there and Calvin. They must have asked Calvin to get undressed too. He's standing there in his long underwear. And I think it's funny seeing Calvin in his long underwear. Sam starts kidding about it. And I don't know what they did with Calvin. They put him on a cot, and I don't know if they took him in another room or not, but there were three of them over by me.

I could see Sam standing there by the door. One of them was arguing with him. They were trying to talk him into getting undressed and going to sit on another cot, but he kept refusing. He wouldn't let them run the tests, he didn't want to be there, and he was making all kinds of excuses that he had to be somewhere. I thought it was kind of funny because it wasn't doing him any good. But he managed to hold them at bay. They stopped bothering him.

There's three over by me and one takes out... he's got a table there with a whole bunch of instruments on it. They look like dentist tools and things like that. I guess he's doing some examination on me. He picks up this thing, and it

looks like the handle of a contemporary telephone. It's got some light on it. It's black, and he tells me that he wants to use this instrument to examine me inside. I ask him what it does, and he put his arm out and pointed the object at his arm. He turned it on, and a little light shone on his arm, and I could see his arm underneath his coat. I can see this sort of white skin.

Then he said, "I want to show you how it works on you now." He took my right arm, and he put the light on, and I said, "Will it hurt?" “No.” And I see this green sort of... no, it's not green, it's... I see this area of my arm where I can see the muscles in my arm, and I can see the bones underneath the muscles, and I see the veins and arteries expanding and contracting with my heartbeat. I see the pumping. And he tells me to lie down. I have to get past this point... I've got to. (At this point, I experienced a mental block and had trouble remembering beyond this.)

Steve : I remember what happens next. They brought this big light over. It's big and round. It looks like a bunch of neon lights in concentric circles... white. He tells me to look at this thing, and he switches it on. It lights up, and there's something... and the light starts zipping around and around and around. And it starts to irritate me so; I try to avoid it. He tells me to keep looking at it. It's like he's trying to divert my attention. He tells me to look at it, but I don't want to look at it. It's hypnotizing me. I have to try and remember. I have to try and remember.

AC : I think we'd better stop now, but during the night, you are going to remember what happened after that and when we resume, we'll pick up at this point, and your memory will be much sharper and clearer.

Steve : I really would like to know. I wish I could resume. It's important. There is something there that I have to know. There are more of the tests... more tests. I don't think they're frightening. Just a lot of things they make me do. He's got me lying down. They're stretching my arms out and looking at them. They're just examining me. They're not hurting me. There are a lot of aliens around. I guess about five now. They're looking at my fingers; they're looking at my hands. They're touching me all over.

They pulled my underwear down, and they're poking at my genitals. It seems to be just an inspection, and they put my underwear back the way it was. They looked at my legs and feet. I'm trying to get a look at one of their hands. I don't know why they had to put me under hypnosis to do this. There's nothing here that particularly upsets me. I don't remember what he did with the

instruments that he examined me with.

AC : Steve, we're going to have to quit now, but we'll resume this at another time, okay?

Steve : Okay.

(Aphrodite then proceeds to return me to the present, and I awaken feeling refreshed.)

End of Transcript

Author's Note : My current memories of this incident are slightly different from the memories recorded in the transcript, because I have since recalled many more details. In subsequent hypnosis sessions performed later on, it was revealed that it was not the bass player, Calvin, who was wearing the long underwear. Apparently, the hitch-hiker to whom we had given a ride, had also accompanied us on board the craft. It turned out that he was the one wearing the long underwear. It was also determined in a subsequent investigation by the Canadian UFO Research Network (CUFORN) that the guitarist had been keeping a log book of all the gigs that we had played. The date he had recorded for the gig we had played on the night that this incident occurred was October 16, 1971.

Chapter 3

The Second Hypnosis Session with Dr. Aphrodite Clamar

The next session took place at 10:30 AM on June 24, 1982, at Dr. Clamar's office, again with Ted Bloecher there to record the events. After undergoing the induction process, I began to recount the events of the 'The Van Incident.'

Steve : We left (the party), and we took this fellow with us from the party in the van. We agreed to give him a ride home.

AC : How many were there in the van?

Steve : I think there were five of us, but I'm still not sure if Sam's girlfriend was with us or not. I don't think she was, but she used to accompany us quite a bit on our gigs. We were driving down the road. Calvin was falling asleep. Then Tom said he saw this accident up ahead. It looked like an accident. I looked over the seat, and I saw a whole bunch of lights in the road, way up ahead. It looked like an accident... like a big one because they were stretched all across the road and there were quite a few lights. We were wondering if we should turn around and go back to the party and wait for them to clean it all up, or if we should try to get around it.

We decided to go up ahead a little bit and see if there was a way to get through, so we went further. I wasn't paying much attention to it. As we got close, Tom slowed the van right down, and we stopped. And we asked, "What are you stopping for?" He then said, "You better take a look at this because you're not going to believe it."

So, I looked over the seat, and there was a great big flying saucer sitting in the middle of the road. It had lights panning back and forth all over the place... blue lights coming out of the bottom of it that scanned the road like searchlights. And there are a lot of colors on it... all different... and there are portholes around it. There are little red lights around the perimeter. There was a dome shape on the top of it.

So, we decided that we should turn back and get out of there while we still could. So, Tom started to make a U-turn in the road, but the steering wheel wouldn't work, and we started going towards the thing. Sam said, "Tom, what

are you doing?" Tom answered, "I haven't got any control over the van." It's weird. He had his foot on the brake pedal, trying to stop it, but the van kept moving towards this thing. It was like they (the aliens) had lifted us off the road a little bit, and they were pulling us in towards it, very slow and smooth. We didn't feel any bumps like you would if you were driving... no bumps in the road.

And then, the van started to go towards the shoulder on the left side of the road. It settled on the shoulder and stopped about 20 or 30 feet away from the ship.

I could hear all these sounds coming out of it, sounds like a street sweeper makes, or like pneumatic air pressure being released, things like that. It looked hot like it had been traveling fast. There was heat around it.

And then Sam said to Tom, "Do you see that?" And he said "Yes," and told him to be quiet. At this point, I was trying to see over the seat without being noticed. But Sam kept telling me to get down. "What's going on?" I asked. "Somebody is coming out of it," Sam replied.

They (the aliens) were moving along the side of the van, and I could hear footsteps. We had all decided to be completely still and not make any sound. I heard them trying the door, Tom's door. And I could see that he was afraid. I could almost feel his fear, but he kept looking straight ahead without moving. He didn't look at the alien at all, or whoever was trying to get his door open.

I couldn't see any face in the window, but the window right behind, is where I saw the top of a head and eyes go by. They were large, dark eyes with black pupils. It's a really strange looking head. It's bigger than ours. When it went by, it floated very evenly. There was no bobbing up and down like it was taking steps or anything. It just floated by.

And then, they started rattling the doors in the back of the van. This guy in the van that we picked up, they must have been working on him telepathically, because for some reason, he leaned over to the back door and I thought he was checking to see if it was locked, but instead, he opened it! And both doors opened, and I saw four aliens standing outside. And the one... I'm trying to remember if he jumped or climbed or what, but I don't know how he got into the van, but I guess he stepped up into the van.

At this point, we were in a lot of fear, and I was thinking about trying to find something to fight them with because I thought we were being attacked. But when the alien came in, he put our minds at ease about an attack. I felt like he was communicating through his eyes more than his mouth. His mouth didn't seem to be moving. He was talking telepathically with his eyes. When he'd look

at somebody else, the volume seemed to decrease, but I could still hear what he was saying. When he looked directly at me, I could understand him perfectly.

He was telling us that he had no intention of harming us or being hostile and that we would be unable to move, or speak and he was doing this to us because he was afraid for his safety and the safety of his crew, that we were going to harm them. He knew we were thinking about harming them.

He told us that his mission was peaceful and that all he wanted to do was run a few tests on some of us, but he couldn't do all of us because they didn't have the time or the equipment for it. He said he wanted two or three of us and that he would bring us back, and we could go on our way when they were finished. So, he started to look around. I had gotten my fear under control, and he picked Calvin and Sam and me.

AC : What happened to the hitchhiker, after he opened the door?

Steve : I don't remember what happened to him. He just, uh... I don't remember anything about what happened to him after that point. I don't know if they took him with us too, or what.

AC : When was the last time you remember seeing him?

Steve : ...when he opened the door in the van, in the back. Then after that, I don't remember him being there, because the alien was standing where he was before, and he didn't seem to be there. I don't know if he was outside, or what. I don't remember him being there for the duration of the ride home after either. Now, I'm wondering if... There had to be somebody there because I saw him reach over and open the door. I don't know what happened to him after that. I don't remember seeing him outside the van.

Anyway, they took the three of us. And I told you the part about the drum falling. I want to move ahead to the part where they examined me.

AC : Yes, that's where we left off.

Steve : I remember some big machine like a dentist’s machine there over top of me... a big metallic machine with an arm on it. Sort of a thing pointing down that looked like a drill or a big spike or something. They had this big machine there that had all kinds of arms on it with different devices, and the aliens were examining me with parts of this thing, checking me over.

The room seemed to acquire a sense of business, and everybody seemed very serious about what they were doing. They were all hustling about, and everybody was doing a different job. It was like an operating room. They all had these instruments on me. There were wires. They were pressing on certain areas

of my skin. I'm trying to get past that point. I don't know if there was another part after that or not, but I guess it seems that they collected all the information that they needed.

They had little bags with samples that they had taken from me, hair, and things. They were all going away, and this machine, they took it away somehow. I don't know if they wheeled it away or if it folded up or down, but somehow, they took the machine away. They sat me up, and I'm not sure, but they may have made me look at that light again. (I was referring to the light with the concentric circles that I referred to in the first session, that I felt was used to induce hypnosis.)

Steve : Then, they wheeled me to another part of the ship, back to where my clothes were. They had a table there, and there were hand instruments and things on it. They were folding them up in white cloths and putting them away. And then they said to the three of us, that if we wanted to ask them any questions, that this was the time to do it.

I don't think Sam and Calvin asked anything. Sam seemed curious. I think he asked them where they came from. And they told him it was a long way away, that it wasn't part of our solar system and that he wouldn't understand.

And then I decided to ask them a question because for some reason this idea came into my head that these beings could have been angels and I didn't want to tell them that was what I thought, but I asked them what the correct religion on earth was and they seemed surprised.

They stopped what they were doing, and the two of them looked at me. They said, "Why would you ask that?" And I replied, "Because I feel that you people are more advanced than we are in all kinds of ways, not just technologically, but socially and probably more spiritually advanced than we are, as well. And if anybody would know what the correct religion would be, it would be you.

He asked, "Are you a member of religion now?" I replied, "No, but I used to be. I was brought up in a religion, but I don't follow it anymore."

And so, I persisted. "What is the correct religion?" He replied, "There is no correct religion on earth." And then he cut me off at that point. I wanted to ask him more, but he wouldn't get into that subject with me. But I kept picking up their thoughts like they didn't want to interfere with my judgment of religious matters. They wanted to leave that up to me because they didn't feel that it was their place to give advice or interfere. They just wanted to answer some 'run of the mill' questions, and that one seemed to catch them off guard.

AC : How did you know which one was the leader?

Steve : He was the more dominant one out of them all. He was the one who made all the major moves and did all the dirty work, like coming into the van and putting us under his spell, or whatever and talking to us. The other guys stood in the background and waited. But he seemed to be directing everything. He had the crew trained very well. They didn't question him. They knew their jobs and knew exactly what to do. They were extremely efficient.

AC : Did he dress a little differently, or was there anything that made him seem more outstanding?

Steve : I'm going to move ahead to the part after I put my clothes on, and I was leaving because I was standing there talking to him for a while, and I could see more of what he looked like at that point.

AC : Okay.

Steve : I had my recorders with me, and he had already sent Calvin back. I wasn't sure at the time whether he had, or not, but when I got back to the van, Calvin was there. There was only Sam with me when we left, and Sam seemed to be more relaxed with them now, and he was smiling. And he said, "Goodbye," and they thanked him for coming along. So, he walked back to the van, but I didn't go with him. I wanted to talk to them a little more. I didn't want the experience to end like that. It had been very interesting for me to go through something like that.

The leader was standing there by the door. He started to tell me things that touched me, things about myself, and my life. It was like he knew me. There was some affinity between him and I. It was almost like he was a family member. I felt very close to him. Just this feeling alone made me feel sad. It was like love. The kind of love you feel for a best friend or someone you care for. I think this is where I started crying. I wasn't crying loud, but it just brought tears to my eyes. He told me he would see me again, that there was lots of work yet to be done, and that I had been a very good subject.

He said that he was going to give me a purpose, that I would be a great help to my friends and people around me. There were things that he said that made me feel good. He left me with a feeling of usefulness that I'd helped them and that he was grateful. I was so emotionally tied up in what he was saying. It was hitting me deeply. He decided to break the tension by asking me if there was something that I had, that I wanted to show him. I didn't want the tension to be broken. I was still thinking about what he had said.

But I broke it off when I remembered my recorders. I wanted to show him

my recorders. So, I said, "I've got some musical instruments in here that I'd like to show you." And he said, "Can I see them?" So, I handed him the bag by the string, and he took it by the bottom of the string below, and he lifted it off my hand. He started to look at them. I had three or four recorders in there, and the tenor was the largest of them. It was in two pieces. I had taken it apart so it would fit better in the bag. I asked him if I could put it together to show him what it was supposed to look like. He said, "Yes."

I walked over to him, and I took the tenor out. I put the mouthpiece on top of the other part and assembled it and showed it to him. "How do you play these?" So, I played a couple of notes on it, and I said, "You play it by blowing air into it and covering the holes." So, he looked at it, and then he took the other one out, the alto, and he said, "What is this one? How is it different?" And I said, "It plays on a little higher key than the other one. The notes are a little higher, but it works the same." And then there was the smallest one that I took out, and I showed him that one. I played a little on each one for him to show him the difference. He seemed fairly interested.

Then, I started thinking about the little one, that maybe I should give it to him as a gift. And so, I took the bag off him, and I had the little one (the soprano) in my hand, and I asked him if he would like to take it back with him as a souvenir. He said, "That would be fine." So, I handed it to him.

(Author's Note : What I neglected to mention, during this session, was that the being didn't understand the meaning of the word 'souvenir.' So, I explained to him that it was a gift to remember me by.)

Steve : So, he reached out to take it from me, and I saw his hand. It was a really strange looking hand... really rough-looking skin. The thumb was wide and flat. The fingers, at the end of them, were wide. They seemed to taper a little bit, but there was a bit of a bulb on the ends. And I was amazed, looking at his hand, as he took the recorder.

End of Transcript

At this point, the tape ran out, and I was unable to finish the transcript. My memories were incomplete, but I was confident that I would eventually discover the rest of the story.

The next day I was scheduled to meet with the behavioral therapist. She was a psychologist named Elisabeth Slater. Budd had been part of a project to do

some psychological testing on abductees. He had made an arrangement with this woman that he was going to send her a group of people who all had something in common.

It was a blind test. She had not been told anything about the group, or what they all had in common. She was to administer several tests, which included the MMPI, the Rorschach, and the TAT. Budd had told her that there were only two things that they were interested in. They were interested in any psychopathology that might turn up and also any patterns that they all seemed to have in common.

The Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory (MMPI) is a psychological test that assesses personality traits and psychopathology. It is primarily intended to test people that may be suspected of having a mental health problem or other clinical issues.

The Rorschach test is a psychological test in which subjects' perceptions of inkblots are recorded and then analyzed using psychological interpretation, complex algorithms, or both. Some psychologists use this test to examine a person's personality characteristics and emotional functioning. It has been employed to detect underlying thought disorder, especially in cases where patients are reluctant to describe their thinking processes openly. The test is named after its creator, Swiss psychologist Hermann Rorschach.

Thematic Apperception Test (TAT) is a projective psychological test. Proponents of the technique assert that subjects' responses, in the narratives they make up about ambiguous pictures of people, reveal their underlying motives, concerns, and the way they see the social world.

Arriving at her building, I had to climb several flights of stairs to get to her office and wondered if physical stamina might also have been one of the tests. She was a slim, attractive woman with long dark hair who invited me in and administered the tests listed above. She also gave me an IQ test and a test on American history. The test on American history seemed a little unfair, considering that I was a Canadian.

However, it turned out that I knew more about American history than about Canadian history. I was able to list the names of several America Presidents and answer quite a few of the questions. She claimed that I did very well.

After I completed the tests, she asked if I would like to stay for lunch and being quite hungry, I agreed. It turned out that she was a vegetarian. I wasn’t sure how this was going to work, because I hardly ever ate vegetables, but was willing to give it a try. She gave me a smoothie that she had made with sunflower seeds. To me, it tasted like wallpaper paste. She gave me a salad as

well. Once finished, I thanked her for the meal, then left.

I didn’t get a copy of my results on the tests, but Budd later told me that in all of the cases he sent her, she never detected any mental illness or psychopathology whatsoever. He also said that she did discover three patterns that the group had in common. All had low self-esteem, even though many of them were talented, productive individuals.

The second commonality was that they had difficulty feeling at home in their bodies, or having control of their bodies. There was a certain feeling of disconnectedness between their physical bodies and their sense of self. The third pattern was that they all had a major problem with trust and relationships.

When she was eventually told that what all these people all had in common were UFO abductions, she was dumbfounded. She had no idea that these things existed.

Meeting Budd Hopkins

The following day, Ted took me to the Manhattan Zoo. We had a fantastic time and spent most of the day there. Later, when we got back to the studio, Budd had arrived. It was very fortunate that I got to meet him and spend some time with him. The three of us went for a walk, and we were talking about how abductions affect your perception of reality and many other things. He took me to a liquor store in Manhattan and introduced me to the owner, a man named George O’Barski. He was one of the people mentioned in the book *Missing Time* . His story was quite intriguing.

Figure 2 This is George O'Barski who owned a liquor store in Manhattan. George is mentioned in Budd's book Missing Time as having witnessed some small 'grey' beings digging up soil samples in the park across the street from his store early in the morning.

The next day, I got up and was standing in the middle of Budd's studio, looking out the back window, which occupied most of the wall, when suddenly I noticed something peculiar. A ladder was descending into the window well. Who could be on the roof at this time of the morning?

A stalky, muscular man was climbing down the ladder as I watched. He was wearing a leather tool belt. At first, he didn't notice me as he began feeling the edges of one of the window frames. I wondered, is he a burglar, or a maintenance man? Then suddenly, he noticed me standing there. He smiled and gave me a thumbs-up gesture. Then, off up the ladder, he went, and the ladder disappeared. When Budd arrived, I told him what I saw. "Oh my God!" he exclaimed, "That guy was going to break in! Why didn't you call the police?" "Well, I wasn't sure if he was a maintenance man checking your windows for leaks or a burglar," I stated in my defense. "Well, it's a good thing you were here, or he would have broken in." Budd sighed.

Dr. Clamar was unable to do the third and final hypnosis session as she wasn't feeling well, so Budd did it himself. Unfortunately, I don't have a transcript of that session. All three sessions were recorded on cassette, and I transcribed the first two. However, the third session was not loud enough to hear anything, as the microphone was placed too far away. Over time, all the tapes were lost, so I am pleased that I took the time to transcribe the first two. I had hand handwritten them in pen on lined paper.

I have since typed them out in electronic form, correcting only a few spelling mistakes and some minor grammatical errors, but I kept the originals for posterity. Regarding the third hypnosis session, I don't remember much of it except that Budd asked me if the being (leader) ever gave me a name. I seemed to remember the name Makai, although today I remember him as Rigel. Usually, there were two beings, so perhaps these are the names of both of them.

After the final hypnosis session, I had completed everything that Budd had planned for me. But there was a surprise in store for me. Budd had arranged for a gathering at his studio, of all the experiencers from the Manhattan area, with whom he had worked, to come to meet me. He had ordered pizzas and sodas for the gathering, and I was thrilled to have the opportunity to meet them. There were only a handful of them, so it was a small gathering, but an enjoyable surprise. We spent the afternoon talking about our abduction experiences.

There was an older lady who I believe was Isabel Davis, who co-authored the book, *Close Encounter at Kelly and others in 1955* with Ted Bloecher. It was also known as the Hopkinsville Incident. There was also Rosemary Osmato, who has a couple of YouTube videos describing her experiences, and a lady who used to work for Arista Records whose name I will not divulge. Arista was the record label that Barry Manilow recorded on. There was also a male abductee whose name shall also remain anonymous.

Figure 3 This is Budd Hopkins and his friend Ted Bloecher in Budd's Art Studio, with some of Budd's art hanging on the wall behind them.

Figure 4 This is a picture I took of the abductee party at Budd Hopkin's studio in Manhattan in 1982. The tall blonde man with a dark shirt and glasses is Ted Bloecher. The woman with the cane to the right of him is Isabel Davis. They are co-authors of the book Close Encounters at Kelly, based on the Hopkinsville incident.

Figure 5 This photo was taken by Budd Hopkins. I am standing on the far right. The others are experiencers who had some very unusual stories. One of Budd's paintings hangs on the wall behind us. He called it "one of the Guardians." Dr. Aphrodite Clamar had similar paintings in her office.

I was kind of sad when it was time to go home. What an eventful and productive week! Budd told me that if I wanted to research my case more, to contact MUFON and they would be able to help me. I took the train home this time, as it gave me more freedom to move around.

Chapter 4

The CUFORN Investigation

A short time later, I discovered that there was a MUFON UFO Symposium taking place in Toronto in the first week of July 1982. There, I would get the opportunity to meet some people from MUFON and continue to have my case investigated. Certainly, there was more to be uncovered. By this time, I had recalled fragments of at least five different incidents. So, I decided to go, and look for a man named David Haisell, who was one of the speakers there. He had written a book called *The Missing Seven Hours.*

After going to a couple of seminars there, I passed J. Allen Hynek. It's a shame that I didn't stop and introduce myself. Eventually, I met up with a man named Eric Smith and mistook him for David Haisell. I told him about my memories of the incident with my dad and the experience when my band was abducted on the way home from a gig in Vineland. Eric was a member of the Canadian UFO Research Network, a.k.a. CUFORN. He took my name and contact information and called Joe Muskat, who was CUFORN's president and co-director.

CUFORN contacted me shortly after, and they took over the investigation of my case. The three co-directors were Joe Muskat, Harry Tokarz, and Lawrence J. Fenwick. I went to the apartment of Harry Tokarz on July 17, 1982, where the three co-directors of CUFORN gave me a seven-hour interview in the presence of a reporter from the Toronto Sun newspaper.

Not wanting any publicity, I was apprehensive about telling my story with a reporter in the room. Apparently, the reporter was there only as an interested party and there would be no publicity until the case was completed. So, I agreed to work with them on the condition that my real name would not be used. Larry Fenwick gave me the pseudonym 'Jack T.' He also gave pseudonyms to the various members of the band to protect their identities as well. I have continued to use those pseudonyms to this day when retelling my story.

On July 20, 1982, Harry Tokarz phoned Dr. Susan Schulman, MD, who was also a Behavioral Therapist and Psychologist in Toronto. Her practice was restricted to hypnotherapy. Dr. Schulman was fascinated by the prospect of working with a subject who claimed to have had some involvement with a UFO

and agreed to meet with us.

Two of the co-directors of CUFORN and I went to her office on Saturday, July 24, 1982, at 3 PM for my first hypnosis session. Dr. Schulman was a young brunette, attractive, with a gentle, easy-going attitude. I liked her. My first hypnosis session with her lasted about two and a half hours. During this session, she asked me to recall the incident that was the hardest for me to remember.

My mind immediately went to what I now call the Twelve-mile Creek incident. This memory was stretched over two hypnosis sessions, and the follow-up session would be on July 30, 1982. Unless otherwise specified, the names of those involved, other than myself, are pseudonyms. To keep my experiences in chronological order, a description of this experience occurs later on in this chapter.

Above, Jack T. emerging from a hypnosis session.
Below, Jack T. points out the landing site in the Short Hills incident.

Dr. Susan Schulman, after a regressive hypnosis session. Below, the recorder bag that was handled by the humanoid, and the type of recorder given to the humanoid.

Figure 6 This is page 26 of the CUFORN Bulletin from the October/November 1982 bulletin showing some of the pictures the investigators took during the investigation of my case.

The Honey House Incident

The third hypnosis session with Dr. Susan Schulman took place on August 7, 1982, in her office in Toronto. It was during this session that we discovered that the incident I had with my dad was not the first one. I went back to a time when I was about 2 ½ to 3 years old. My parents and I lived in an apartment in the rear part of a house in Owen Sound. There was a dirt laneway along the side of the house that stretched a few yards to an apiary behind the house. It was a two-story building we called the Honey House.

Figure 7 This is the honey house in the back of the house we lived in, in Owen Sound that I would sometimes visit in my little cart. People would go there to buy honey. The ship had landed to the left of the honey house, where there was a clearing in the bushes.

People would go there to buy honey from Mr. Shoal, who ran the business, and he quickly gained the reputation of having the best honey around. He had a son named Alan. I had a little stroller that had a seat and wheels on it, and it had a metal tray on the front of it. My mother used to put me in that little stroller, and it allowed me to move around outside where my mother could see me from the back door of the apartment.

Figure 8 This is me sitting in my little cart that I would ride around in when I was about 2 years old. This was around the time of my first abduction experience in Owen Sound. This would have been around 1957-58. The honey house would be to the left of the picture (not visible). I am holding my first puppy.

One day my mother gave me a five-dollar bill and asked me if I could go to the honey house and get her a jar of honey. She thought I would enjoy doing this and felt that it was a simple enough task for me to do. She phoned Mr. Shoal and told him that I would be coming. I was to give him the five dollars, and he would give me some change and a jar of honey. She told me to bring the honey and the change back to her.

She watched from the back door as I made my way to the honey house. Mr.

Shoal was standing there waiting for me with a smile on his face. When I arrived, he took the money and placed the jar of honey on the metal tray on my stroller along with the change, and I made my way back. As I approached, my mother came out to get the honey. She praised me for a job well-done and I felt good.

A few days later, inside the apartment, I noticed a fifty-dollar bill on top of my dad's dresser. I pulled out the drawers and used them to climb up to reach the money and took the bill and put it in my pocket. Then I walked around to the back door and stood there. My mother realized that I wanted to go out, so she put me in my stroller and went back inside. I made my way to the honey house.

A short time later, my mother received a phone call from Mr. Shoal. "Your boy is here with a fifty-dollar bill. How much honey do you want?" he inquired in a very intense tone of voice. "What?" My mother gasped, "Oh, that little bugger! He must have climbed up and taken it off the dresser!"

The Men in the Shiny Suits

Another day, when I was out in my stroller, someone called me. Looking around, I couldn't see anyone. Then I heard it again. Someone was calling my name. "Where are you?" I cried out. "Over here, behind the bushes." The voice in my head responded. "Come on over here." There were some bushes over to the left side of the yard. I began heading over toward the bushes. It was a bit difficult to maneuver my stroller over the grass. I was used to moving around on the dirt laneway.

Gradually, I made my way across the grass and around the tall bushes growing there. As I made my way around the bushes, I saw two men wearing shiny suits standing in front of a big saucer-shaped craft. They were staring at me. "Hi Stevie," I heard in my head, "We've been waiting for you." I had never been around this part of the yard before. The bushes were high enough and spread out enough to completely hide the craft.

One of the men walked over to me and picked me up, lifting me out of my stroller. I remember staring at his big black eyes. He carried me into the craft and laid me down on a cot. There was another cot next to the one I was lying on, and the other man laid down on it. The man who carried me onto the craft began to attach wires to me, on my head, and other parts of my body. He did the same to the man on the other cot.

"What are you doing?" I asked inquisitively. "You are going to get part of

my friend here, and he is going to get part of you.” He replied nonchalantly. “No!” I screamed, “I want to keep all my parts!” I began screaming and crying that I wanted to go home. “It’s okay.” The man said in my head. “It’s not going to hurt you.” But I continued to panic despite his attempts to calm me. I tried to get up but was somehow being restrained.

When they were done with this procedure, they released me and calmed me with the words, “There now, that didn’t hurt did it?” One of the men then took me outside and put me back in my stroller. The last words he said were, “You can go home now, and you will forget everything that happened here.” When I came around the bushes, my mother was standing outside the door looking for me. “Where have you been?” she shouted at me. “I told you always to stay where I can see you! Don’t ever do that again, or I will take the fly swatter to you!”

The dreaded fly swatter frightened me. She walked over to my stroller and picked me up and brought me into the apartment. She plonked me down on the floor in the living room amongst my toys and went back into the kitchen. I sat there on the floor, playing with my wooden building blocks that had letters of the alphabet carved on all six sides and painted in bright colors.

As I was stacking them, my name was called again. It didn’t sound like my mother's voice. It didn’t hear any sound at all, yet I heard it in my head. “Where are you?” I called out. “Climb up on the back of the couch and look out the window,” the voice commanded. And so, I began to climb up onto the couch. There was a deep window behind the couch, and when I climbed onto the back of the couch, I could see out the window.

Figure 9 This is what the house in Owen Sound, that we lived in, looks like today where I had my first abduction experience. I was 2 or 3 years old at the time. The small window on the left side of the house, near the back, is the window that the beings telepathically told me to climb up on the back of the couch and look out. That was when I saw the ship zoom across the sky. We lived in the apartment in the back of the house.

"Where are you?" I asked once again. "Look up in the sky," the voice said. As I looked up at the sky, I saw a bright light move across the sky like a shooting star. "Wow!" I shouted, "Was that you?" "Yes," replied the voice. "Can you do that again?" I asked excitedly. "Yes, we will do it again," the voice answered. "I'll tell you when to look," the voice-prompted, "Okay, look now!" Again, the bright light whizzed across the sky. I shouted with glee, "Can you do it again?" "No", the voice answered, "That's enough for now."

"How can you hear me if you're way up there?" I enquired. "Because I can see what you see and hear what you hear." That was strange. "Can I see what you see and hear what you hear?" I responded. "Not yet, but maybe later on." The voice answered. "How can you do that?" I queried. There was an expression my mother used to use when I got confused about something. She would say that

I had my wires crossed. “Like I have my wires crossed?” I reasoned. “Yes,” the voice responded. “That’s a very good way to explain it.”

I then asked what his name was. “You can call me the Commander,” he stated. “Anytime you need to talk to me, just call out Commander, and I will answer you.” “Are you going to come and see me?” I questioned. “Yes. I will see you, but not today,” he replied. “What do you look like? How will I know it’s you?” The Commander then said he would show me, and he told me to look at the wall between the door and the chair.

As I stared at the wall, I began to see a transparent figure of a man appearing there. He was thin, had a large head and big black eyes, and was wearing a shiny silvery suit. “Wow! Is that you?” I asked in amazement. “Yes, that is what I look like,” was the reply. “When will you come to visit me?” I wanted to know. “Soon. But you can call me anytime you need to speak to me, and I will answer.” I started to head toward the kitchen to tell my mother when I tripped over the vacuum cleaner hose that was sticking out from under the chair and fell.

Somehow, I had cut myself and started to cry. I went into the kitchen and found my mother. “What did you do to your knee?” she asked. I was sobbing and forgot to tell her about the voice and the image of the man in the living room. My knee was bleeding, and she put a band-aid on it. The incident with the voice was forgotten. But, sometimes, when alone, I would converse with the Commander in my mind, and he would answer. He was very nice to me, and I enjoyed conversing with him.

In retrospect, I came to realize that the beings must have given me a technological implant of some kind that allowed them to ‘see what I was seeing’ and to ‘hear what I was hearing’. This implant must have been administered during the experience behind the bushes when I was taken onto the ship. The implant eventually stopped working not long after that, but for a while, I was able to have technologically assisted telepathic conversations with this being that I called ‘the Commander.’

The Visitor at Mr. Allen’s House

My parents decided to move. They rented a house in Owen Sound from a man I knew as Mr. Allen. My dad had gotten a job as a welder and worked for a company called Borland’s Welding. It was a small house, but it had a large yard. One day, I was in my room playing when a man walked in. He looked very

strange to me. He had a large grayish colored head and big black eyes, and he was dressed in a silver uniform. He knew me by name, and he asked me how I was doing.

He sat down in the corner of my bedroom, where I kept my toys and books. I was puzzled as to why he looked so different. “Are you a Gollywog?” I asked him. “What is a Gollywog?” he replied. My mother used to get me these children’s books, and one of them was about a mythical being called a Gollywog. So, I went and got the book to show him. He took the book and held it up, looking at the picture of the Gollywog on the cover.

The book showed a little black creature with black curly hair and large white eyes. “When he looked at it, he held the book out to me and said, “Look at this Gollywog. Now, look at me. Do I look like that?” “No,” I said sheepishly. “Well then, I guess I’m not a Gollywog,” he stated, looking squarely at me. “Who are you?” I asked him. “I’m the Commander you used to speak to in your mind.” “Oh!” I exclaimed. “Why can’t I speak with you on the radio anymore?” I called it a radio, even though the communication occurred inside my mind. He replied, “We can’t do that anymore. The radio doesn’t work anymore. But you don’t need it now anyway. You’re fine.” After that, he left.

The Twelve Mile Creek Incident

I believe the year was 1965, and I was living in St. Catharines in a house on Henrietta Street across from Walkinshaw Park. At the time, I was ten years old. Our back yard had a ravine that led down to a road that ran parallel to the Twelve Mile Creek. My friend Jim Voss and I were playing down in the ravine near some sumac trees. While looking at the sumac trees, I heard Jim call me. “Steve, there’s a spaceman here!” he shouted. I looked at Jim, and to his left, a strange-looking being was standing in the road.

The first thing I noticed was his eyes. They were very large and black. He had a large head and a small neck. His arms seemed longer than normal, and he was dressed in a dark blue or black uniform with some sort of insignia on the shoulder. I was drawn to him and walked over to where he was standing. A little way down the road, there were a couple of houses. Two girls, Shannon Mosby and her sister Wendy lived in one of the houses with their parents. Wendy was deaf, and Shannon used sign language to communicate with her.

The entity asked us to follow him, and we followed him to where Shannon and her sister lived. There was a small camping trailer parked on the road in

front of the house that belonged to Shannon's parents. I used to play 'house' with her in it sometimes. I had met her mom but never saw her dad. The being led us to the garage at the house, where I noticed what seemed to be a black Cadillac parked. Another similar being met us, and he tried to grab hold of me. Panicking, I ran and headed for the trailer. I was being chased. So, I laid on the ground and rolled under the trailer for protection.

Jim was calling me. One of the beings stuck his arm under the trailer and was trying to grab me, but I moved away from his grasp. Eventually, he grabbed hold of my pant leg and dragged me out. Once out, I stood up, and he looked at me and reassured me telepathically that I would not be harmed. He then led me back to where Jim was, and we went into the garage.

There was a man in the garage that I couldn't see very well. He was standing near the driver's side of the Cadillac, stooped over, so I couldn't see his face. His hair looked like a wig, and he seemed to be wearing sunglasses. "Are you Shannon's dad?" I asked. "Yes," he answered. "We're going to take a little drive." Two of the beings opened the back doors of the Cadillac, and they motioned for Jim and me to get in. The beings got in the front seat.

I remembered seeing these two bald heads in the front seat and the driver wearing the wig and trying hard to look human.

He looked different from the other two beings, more human, but still didn't look quite right. We backed out of the garage and began driving down the street. When we got to the end of the street, I expected that he would turn right, but instead, he turned left just before a small bridge that crossed over the Twelve Mile Creek. This was an open area that led to a red brick building. The firefighters used it for training purposes. They would set the building on fire and then practice spraying it with their fire hoses. There was also a Sea Cadet Hall near there. Sometimes I could hear their band playing music from my backyard.

The Cadillac turned toward the Sea Cadet Hall but continued past it into a wooded area and then parked. One of them said, "We will get out here." We all got out and followed a dirt path into the woods, which curved upward to the left. After we had walked a short distance, I noticed a saucer-shaped craft sitting on a plateau on the bank of the ravine. We were approaching it, and that is all I remembered.

The next thing I recalled was going back to the Cadillac. We got in, and the being who said he was Mr. Mosby began to drive us back to the house. He pulled into the garage, and we all got out. I saw him look at Jim, and then Jim began to walk back to the area we were playing in before the being showed up.

The being that originally made contact with us was walking beside me.

He looked into my eyes, and I heard him in my mind saying, “You are going to forget everything that happened.” “No!” I insisted. “You’re not going to make me forget. I WILL remember!” I argued. He continued to try to make me forget the incident, but I kept refusing. It came down to a struggle of wills, and he was not going to win! I was determined to remember, so he employed a distraction technique to cause me to lower my guard.

Dandelions were growing on the ground around us. He looked down at one of them and asked me, “What is this flower?” He managed to get my attention off my resistance for just a few seconds for me to answer. “It’s called a dandelion.” Immediately, he looked up at me and said, “You will forget.” The technique worked. There I was, walking alone back to where Jim was waiting, forgetting everything.

After I had recalled this incident while under hypnosis, Dr. Schulman asked me to imagine myself operating a video camera and to zoom in on the insignia on the being’s shoulder. She said I would be able to see it clearly in detail and that I would be asked to draw it at the end of the session, which I did.

The Incident at Short Hills

As if things weren’t strange enough already, there was still another incident involving high strangeness buried in my subconscious mind. Until now, I had remembered only incidents involving the typical short grey aliens with the large heads and the big black eyes, but then something emerged that none of us expected.

In the year 1969, as a 14-year-old, I was hiking with my friend Ken Johnson at the Short Hills Conservation area in St. Catharines. Ken was my best friend at that time. He was the same age as I was, born only a few days before me. We were climbing up a ridge, and as we neared the top, I saw the strangest sight. There was a saucer-shaped craft sitting on the ground in a clearing with trees on both sides, just over the ridge. It appeared abandoned, and an open doorway and corrugated steps were leading up into it. “Don’t go near it!” Ken cautioned me. “I have to see it,” I answered.

Approaching the ship, I listened. Only silence! It seemed to be empty, and there was no one around. So, I gently crept up the steps and peered inside. It was empty. There were strange-looking panels on the walls and some unrecognizable equipment. The strangest thing appeared to be a huge chair with wires attached

to it. I wondered what it was for. I went back down and approached my friend Ken. “We should get out of here right now,” he said, urging me to go.

Suddenly, a group of short grey beings showed up, and Ken yelled, “Run!” We ran down the hill toward a field. As I glanced back at the beings, they were lined up along the ridge, pointing what looked like some kind of weapon at us. So, I began to zigzag as I ran to make myself a harder target to shoot at. Unexpectedly, something hit me in the back, and I became paralyzed. Collapsing onto the ground, I could see Ken lying on the ground as well. Unable to move my head, I could hear something moving toward us.

I tried to call out, but couldn’t speak. Then, I saw what it was, and was completely astounded. It appeared to be a Sasquatch about eight feet tall. It had brown hair all over its body, and its face seemed to look like a cross between a gorilla and a man. The creature bent down and picked me up and then went over to Ken and picked him up as well. We were each carried under one of its arms as it ascended the bank in the direction of the Saucer. When we reached it, the grey beings came over and took us inside. They put Ken and me each on a metal table and then led the Sasquatch over to the giant chair that I first saw inside this ship.

When it sat down on the chair, they attached some wires to it. It remained motionless as if it had been shut off like a machine. The other beings had grayish skin, with large heads and large black eyes. Still paralyzed, I lay there for some time. From where I was positioned, I could see Ken. He was lying on the metal table, and his temple and ear were bleeding.

Beings were surrounding him dressed in lab coats like doctors. They appeared to be administering some kind of an implant to Ken. They may have given me one as well, but I don’t remember what happened after that. The beings seemed to be using this Sasquatch creature as a beast of burden to do heavy lifting for them. It looked to be under remote control and could be manipulated by the beings. It didn’t seem to have any volition of its own.

Chapter 5

My Father's Experiences

After these incidents emerged from the hypnosis sessions with Dr. Schulman, Joe Muskat and Harry Tokarz drove to St. Catharines to meet my dad and hear his perspective of the incident we shared when I was four. We spent part of the day photographing the areas where some of the incidents had occurred, and then they met my dad at the house my parents were living in, in the north end of St. Catharines.

I had since remembered another part of the incident with my dad that we had not discussed, so I decided to tell Harry Tokarz. When I was four years old, after my dad and I had watched the ship leave, and we continued our journey home, the ship came back a second time. "It did the same thing it had done the first time. It matched our speed and then flew ahead of us and came down in the road again." I remember my dad muttering, "Oh, what the hell do they want now?"

This time, my dad didn't get out of the car. Instead, one of the beings walked over to the car and motioned for my dad to lower the window. In those days, the windows had cranks, so he rolled it down and asked what the being wanted. "You forgot these," he replied, handing my dad his glasses. My dad thanked him, and we watched him return to the ship and then leave again.

Harry asked me if I had told my dad this. I told him, "No, not yet." So, he asked me not to tell my dad this part. When I asked him why not, he said, "I want to see if he remembers this part himself. Your story will be more credible if he does."

My dad was sitting out in the back yard on the patio. The two men from CUFORN began to question him about the incident he had with me. He recalled the incident. He remembered telling me to stay in the car, telling me, "I know how to deal with them." (This part, I had not remembered him saying.) He also remembered shielding me with his body so the being would not see me and motioning me to go back to the car.

At this point, Harry asked me if I would mind going into the house so they could interview my dad privately. I understood why, so I agreed. Immediately, my dad opened up to them. He told Harry and Joe of an interesting theory he

had.

His theory involved the termination of certain family bloodlines that were corrupt or contaminated. These might include genetic defects that might carry a blueprint for diseases such as cancer, or heart disease.

My dad referred to a passage in the Bible, where it states, “The Lord visits the iniquity of the fathers on the children and the children’s children, to the third and the fourth generation.” (Exodus 34:6-7 = Deuteronomy 5:8-10) “Because of their iniquity, and also because of the iniquities of their fathers, they shall rot away like them.” (Leviticus 26:39)

He felt that the beings intended to terminate these bloodlines at the third or fourth generation, so that they would no longer have any male heirs, in other words, through genetic manipulation. He felt that this might be being done through alien abductions.

Usually, we hear the opposite of this scenario, that our species is being upgraded by extra-terrestrials who have been visiting us and tweaking our DNA for thousands of years to bring us up to the next level in our evolution. But what if the opposite is true as well?

If certain bloodlines are enhanced, and others terminated through genetic manipulation of abductees, then our bloodlines are also being pruned. My dad felt that this was being accomplished through mental manipulation as well. He thought that abductees might be programmed to avoid marriage altogether, or if they did select a mate, it is one whose family history shows a predominance of female progeny.

Furthermore, if they do have a male offspring then the offspring maybe the third or last generation of that bloodline unless there is no contamination in the bloodline, in which case exception would be made. If my dad’s theory is true, it is not unlike Adolf Hitler’s attempts to create a super race of genetically enhanced beings.

Some believe that he may have carried out this plan in Antarctica. The German NAZIs are believed to have set up a base there near the end of WWII. If you research the expedition led by Admiral Byrd in 1946 known as Project High Jump, it reveals an intriguing tale involving saucer shaped UFOs.

Larry Fenwick, the other co-director of CUFORN who was also their journalist, did some research to test out my dad’s theory about the vanishing male offspring of abductees in 1982. This is what he found.

Steve Boucher – divorced – no children

Betty Hill – widow – no male children
Antonio Vilas-Boaz – married – no male children
Betty Andreasson Luca – married – no male children
Herbert Schirmer – divorced – no children
Sandy Larsen – divorced – no male children
Charles Hickson – married – no children
Travis Walton – single
Sarah Hines – single
Charles Moody – married – no children
Antonio La Rubia – single
James Byrne – single
Carl Higdon – married – no children
Barbara Shutte – married – no male children
The Tujunga Canyon Women – lesbians and single heterosexuals

This research was done in 1982, so there may be some exceptions in the list now.

It would be interesting to look for this pattern in more recent abductees up to the present day. My dad, Ron Boucher, inferred that his father, my paternal grandfather had several unusual experiences himself, the details of which my father was only vaguely aware. That would put me in the place of third-generation, or possibly fourth.

The Mothman Incident

On August 5, 1982, I arrived at Dr. Schulman's office for my next hypnosis session. In this one, we revisited the incident where my band was abducted. I was able to describe the location of the house party where we played. That night my dad's mother, my grandmother, had passed away.

My dad promptly drove to Arntfield, Quebec, for the funeral. He arrived at his sister Edola's house, where his mother had been living. Edola and her husband, Roger, told Ron that his mother had been complaining of chest pains every night for a week before she passed away. She kept waking up in the night screaming. The only available bed for my dad to sleep in was her bed. So, after a brief visit with them, he unpacked his things and went to bed. He left the window open so he could get some fresh air as he slept.

Suddenly, he was awakened to the sound of something moving around in his

room. The room smelled like sulfur. He opened his eyes, and standing at the foot of the bed was a large creature the size of a man with red glowing eyes. It appeared to have wings and was jet black except for the eyes. Immediately, it jumped onto the bed and attacked him. He could hardly breathe and could feel its claws sink into his chest. He managed to be able to get enough breath to scream and woke his sister and her husband up.

They came running into the room, but the creature had disappeared out the window. The room had the lingering odor of sulfur, but my dad got up and shut the window. He told his sister what happened. It seemed like something right out of a horror movie, or perhaps John Keel's book, *The Mothman Prophesies* .

There was a black mark left on his chest from the attack.

Negative Interference

After my grandmother passed away, we all began experiencing a steady stream of bad luck. At this time, I was working for a wholesale electronics company and began experiencing some problems with my boss. Larry Fenwick discovered that his wife had cancer and she was also suffering from pleurisy. Harry Tokarz was running a motion picture and television casting company, and he and his girlfriend, Sandy, had some problems with a marketing company, the circumstances of which were highly suspicious and led to litigation.

Joe's wife, at the time, was threatening to leave him. Dr. Schulman had some problems while on vacation in Las Vegas, which I will not go into. Harry's girlfriend, Sandy, had some medical problems and had to be hospitalized for a short time. Harry's motion picture casting company suddenly lost one of its major clients. His business declined by forty percent and was on the verge of bankruptcy. Fortunately, he picked up some new clients shortly after, and his business stabilized.

CUFORN spoke with my dad once again and managed to convince him to undergo a hypnosis session. So, my dad and I were scheduled for a double hypnosis session on September 11, 1982, after the Labour Day weekend. The day before the session, a 'friend' of Dr. Schulman called, stating that the appointment was being canceled and no explanation was given. So, I immediately called Harry Tokarz.

Just before this, CUFORN had been trying to contact Dr. Schulman and was unable to reach her. After four attempts, they finally managed to contact her secretary, who told them that all her appointments were canceled for the week.

By the time I had called Harry, it was obvious that she was avoiding contact with us. She remained absent from her office for three weeks.

Joe and Harry went to her office on September 11th. Her office was at her residence. There were no signs of her, but they did notice some lights on in her residence. It seemed quite strange to them, as she normally had a full caseload every week. So, they left a note on her door, asking her to call them as soon as possible regardless of the time.

When Harry returned home, it was around 9:30 PM. He entered his apartment to find his girlfriend, Sandy, holding the telephone in her hand with an astonished look on her face. She began to tell him that she had just received a very unusual phone call which abruptly ended as he came in the door. The caller had spoken in a deep man's voice and asked, "Is the male of the house in? This is an official business. Tell him and them to stop what they are doing or else. You will not be…" Then the call was cut off as Harry walked in. Sandy said that she heard numbers being recited in the background during the call.

Two days later, they finally reached Dr. Schulman. During the conversation, she revealed that she had not received the note they had left on her door and seemed disinterested. A double session was rebooked for my dad and me on September 18, 1982. We both showed up as scheduled.

Under hypnosis, my dad was regressed to the time of the incident we experienced in Owen Sound when we were in the car. He relived the incident, confirming everything I had stated in my earlier hypnosis session. However, at one point in the session, he came up against a mental block when the humanoid brought him to a black shiny mirror-like entrance to the landed craft.

At this point in the session, he began crying. When asked why he was crying, he confessed that it was because the humanoids had rejected him. He said that he had been disqualified for some mission that they had given him on a previous occasion.

Directly after his experience with the entities or humanoids, he had several lucid dreams, which continued occurring for many years. In these dreams, he recalled seeing what he referred to as a 'museum of time.' This was a place 'like a chamber' where the beings would take him, and he would see visions of the most antiquated and the most sophisticated technological devices made by man.

This included electronic sending and receiving equipment dating from around the turn of the century through to the present and on into the future. He saw computers, gauges, and tape machines and many different types of inventions.

Unfortunately, some of the recordings of these sessions were blank, presumably because of inadequate placement of the microphone during the sessions.

My dad was always interested in inventing things. He was a Millwright by trade and was quite familiar with various types of machinery. His inventive inspiration may have been augmented by his alien abduction and lucid dreaming experiences. Interestingly, I feel that I have also inherited this inventive proclivity. We had worked on two inventions together. One was a device for making home-made wine, which we had hoped would become more popular than the traditional demijohn method. The other was an internal combustion engine that we called the ‘Rotary Vane Engine.’

Because English was not my dad’s first language, he struggled with the patent application, so I wrote up both patent applications, and after several back and forth exchanges with the Canadian Patent Office, we were granted the two patents.

Chapter 6

The Van Incident

After recalling all these incidents relived under hypnosis, I went around in a daze for a while trying to process it all. I had mixed emotions and was both excited and disturbed at the same time. It was now evident that I had been living a secret life I had been unaware of until reading Budd Hopkins book *Missing Time* . There had been an ongoing relationship with these extraterrestrial beings known as the Greys. Could there be others out there who may have a similar relationship with these beings, perhaps even lasting their entire lives, to which they never became aware?

These beings seem to prefer keeping their interactions with us locked in our subconscious minds by erasing the memory at the end of every experience. The problem with this is that each time they approach you, it seems like the first time, and you experience the initial fear and panic all over again. Why do they have to do that, I wondered? Why couldn't they just let us keep the memories? The next experience, (keeping in chronological order) was what I came to refer to as 'The Van Incident.' This is the one where I and some of the members of my band were abducted in 1971.

This description of the Van Incident differs in a few of the details from the transcripts of my hypnosis sessions with Dr. Clamar in Manhattan. It is included here because, in the transcripts, there are missing details that didn't arise until several years later. I have since remembered many subsequent details. So, at the risk of being a bit repetitive, the following is how I recall the incident today:

It started as a normal evening on October 16th, 1971. I was 16 years old. My band was the 'house band' at a hotel in Niagara-on-the-Lake, and I was the lead singer and woodwind player. We called ourselves 'Harmony Grove.' I had a collection of wooden recorders, which at the time consisted of a tenor, an alto and a soprano.

Figure 10 This is a slightly skewed picture of my band 'Harmony Grove' in the early '70s. When the abductions occurred, our bass player Calvin was with us. He was later replaced by Peter, the man in the upper middle. I'm on the left. Tom is on the right and the drummer Sam is below center.

We played cover songs by popular rock bands such as Jethro Tull, The Who, Deep Purple, The Grateful Dead, and The Band, as well as a few of our own original songs.

We had just finished playing a gig at the American Hotel in Niagara-on-the-Lake, and as we were packing up our instruments, our drummer informed us that a friend in Vineland was having a party and asked if the band could stop by and play a set. Though we had just finished playing a gig, we still had some energy left, so we decided to go check it out.

There were five of us, our guitarist Tom, our drummer Sam, our bass player Calvin, myself, and Ann Marie, who was Tom's girlfriend at the time. We must have arrived there at about 1:30 A.M. and began to set up our equipment in the living room. There was a pole lamp in the corner of the room, which we had to remove so Sam could set up his drums in the corner. We did not intend to stay very long. We played a set of our best songs, which the people there seemed to enjoy. After playing for an hour or so, we decided to pack up and go home.

As we were loading the equipment into Tom's van, a guy approached us outside. He had long hair and was about the same age as us, but no one seemed to know him. "Are you guys heading for St. Catharines?" he asked. "Would it be possible for me to hitch a ride with you?" Tom agreed that it would be okay, so after we packed everything up, he joined us and sat on the floor in the back corner of the van. It was somewhere around 3:30 A.M. when we left.

As we traveled up Victoria Avenue to get on to the Queen Elizabeth Hiway, we discovered that the entrance to the QEW was closed. So, we planned to take the North Service Road and get onto the QEW at the next junction. I was in the back, sitting on the floor with Calvin, Ann Marie, and the hitch-hiker. There was just enough room for us and all the equipment. Tom was doing the driving, and Sam was sitting next to him in the passenger seat.

We were traveling east on the north service road when suddenly Tom slowed to a stop. "Why are we stopping?" I asked. "Well, you're going to have to take a look at this, because you're not going to believe me," he replied hesitantly. I raised myself to look over the seat, and ahead of us, perhaps about 500 feet was what appeared to be a flying saucer sitting on the road next to a restaurant! At the time, it was ironically named *Admiral Byrd's Restaurant* . It has changed ownership a few times since, and is currently known as The Lake House, which overlooks the south shore of Lake Ontario.

We were all peering over the seat at the craft. It appeared to be resting on

legs, had red lights around the perimeter, recessed portholes, and blue lights emanating from the bottom of the craft that moved back and forth over the surface of the road. There seemed to be some mist underneath the craft that the lights illuminated.

Tom was the first to speak. "What do you think it is?" "It looks like a flying saucer," I replied. "Do you think it's real?" he asked. "It certainly looks real." I acknowledged. "Maybe they're filming a movie here, and it's a prop." I offered. "Why would anyone be filming a movie in the middle of the night?" Sam questioned.

"Well, what do you think we should do?" asked Tom. "We can't go around it, and I'm not about to find out if it's real." "I think we should go back and take the back roads home," Sam suggested. Everyone in the back seemed to agree with the plan. So, it was decided this was how we would proceed. Tom began to move the van, turning the steering wheel to the left. But instead of turning, the van kept on moving forward.

"What are you doing? Why aren't we turning?" I protested. "The steering wheel doesn't work! Look!" Tom yelled, turning it to the left as far as it would go. "And neither do the brakes!" I could hear him pumping the brakes, but could not feel the bumps in the road and quickly came to the realization that they had levitated us and were pulling us toward the craft. We were moving quite fast.

As we got closer to the craft, I was afraid we were going to crash into it and braced myself for impact. At about 20-30 feet away from the craft, we came to a stop and felt contact with the road. Unable to start the van, everyone started yelling at the same time and panicking. "What should we do?" cried Ann Marie.

Sam suddenly yelled, “Everybody SHUT UP!” and we all went silent. He then became the voice of reason. "If we all stay quiet and just sit still and you guys in the back stay down so they can't see you, maybe they'll leave us alone." This was the first inference that the craft might be inhabited, and it stirred up some pretty eerie mental images.

So, we all sat very quietly, but the silence seemed to cause our fear to grow. It was like we were all waiting for something to happen, but had no idea what to expect. Whatever was going to take place, Tom and Sam had front row seats. "Oh, no!" said Sam in an agitated whisper. "What's happening?" I asked. "They're coming out," he replied. "They're coming over to us." “What do they look like?” I enquired nervously. “They’re just little guys.” Sam replied. The silence that followed was overwhelming. "We may have to defend ourselves." I thought. "We may have to fight them." I immediately felt that we might be in a

life or death situation and began looking for something to use as a weapon.

As we sat in silence, I suddenly saw a strange-looking head float by the side window. "Did you see that?" I blurted. Immediately, everyone said, "Shhhh!" Ann Marie whispered, "Yes, I saw it." We could hear movement around the van, and they seemed to be trying the doors, but we had locked them all. Everyone seemed to have forgotten about the hitch-hiker we had given a ride to. Up until then, he had been strangely silent.

Then suddenly, he did something completely unexpected. He reached over and pulled the door handle on one of the rear doors. The door swung open, and three non-human beings stood there on the road facing us. They were short greyish colored beings with very large heads and extremely large dark eyes.

I tried to grab one of the microphones stands to use as a weapon, but found myself unable to move. It was as though I was completely paralyzed! Everyone else seemed to be too. One of the beings floated up into the van and was standing in front of us. As I stared at his eyes, I noticed that they looked similar to our eyes, only much bigger. He had large pupils which seemed to be bluish from what I could tell in the ambient light, which wasn't very bright.

He was standing upright in the van, and his head cleared the ceiling by about 6 inches. By looking at his eyes, I could hear his voice inside my head. He was speaking telepathically, and his lips weren’t moving. He said, "We don't mean you any harm, but we had to paralyze you temporarily because some of you were thinking thoughts of violence towards us."

As terrified as I had felt, my fear swiftly turned to guilt. They had sensed my hostile thoughts. He continued, "We only want to do some tests on some of you, and it won't take very long, and then you can be on your way. I'm going to select three of you, and the others can stay here and wait." He began to look around the van, and I could hear him saying, "I will choose you (looking at Calvin), and you (looking at the hitchhiker), and... He began to turn his head toward me. I sensed he was going to pick me, so I quickly turned my eyes downward to the floor of the van.

We sat there in silence for what felt like an eternity, though it was probably only a few seconds. Finally, I looked up, and he was staring right at me. "And you." I heard. "Will you please follow me?" He then turned and moved toward the open door. As he was leaving, his foot got caught the snare drum stand, and it fell over, causing the snare drum to roll out of the back of the van and onto the road. Another being immediately picked it up and inspected it closely. I grabbed my bag of wind instruments, and while stepping out of the van, I found myself

face to face with that being.

In my mind, I thought as I stared at him, "Oh my God, are you ever ugly!" He immediately looked away and seemed to be visibly embarrassed. At that point, I began to wonder if I was thinking that about him, or if he was thinking that about me. It was difficult to tell, as our thoughts seemed to be telepathically connected. He handed the drum to the leader who turned to me and asked, "Is this damaged?" holding the drum out toward me.

"I don't think so," I answered. "Is it yours?" he inquired. I could feel his concern. "No, it's not mine," I replied. "Who does it belong to?" he persisted. "It belongs to our drummer, Sam," I said, pointing at Sam sitting in the passenger seat. Sam seemed quite annoyed that I had drawn attention to him. "Go and get him." the leader said to one of the beings with him. The being went over to the passenger door where Sam was sitting and urged him to get out.

The being had somehow managed to coax Sam out of the van, and he walked with the humanoid around to the back of the van. "Is this equipment yours?" The leader asked. "Yes, it's mine," Sam answered, looking quite perturbed. "Is it damaged?" the being inquired. Sam took the drum from him and quickly looked it over, "It looks fine." At that point, Sam involuntarily joined us as one of the people chosen to go with them. Tom and Anne-Marie remained behind in the van.

We were instructed to form a line along the passenger side of the van. "We are going onto the ship now." He told us to turn and face the back of the person to the left of us. Then he instructed us to keep facing that person in front of us and not to turn our heads to the left or right and also not to touch the hull of the craft as we went in. Sam was in front of me wearing a black leather coat. It was cold outside, as it was approaching winter.

One of the beings stood behind us, at the back of the line, and the one who first entered the van, that I felt to be the leader, stood at the front of the line. So, we were all looking in the same direction facing toward the ship. As we started to move, we all moved together as one unit. It seemed as though we were standing on something like an escalator. I couldn't resist the temptation to turn my head. So, I looked to the left, and as soon as I did, we stopped.

When I looked forward, we began moving again. Then, I looked to the right, and we stopped once again. As soon as I understood how it worked, I looked straight ahead. Again, we started to move toward the saucer-shaped craft.

As we approached the entrance to the craft, we began to turn 90 degrees to line up with the entrance, and then we all tilted approximately 45 degrees. There

was a set of corrugated metal steps leading into the craft which we didn't utilize. We all just floated up together, as one unit, into the craft.

Again, I couldn't resist the temptation to briefly touch the surface of the hull with the ring finger of my left hand as we were entering it. It felt metallic and a bit warm to the touch. This was an action that I came to regret later. Approximately two weeks after the incident, a huge planter's wart developed on the tip of that finger. It took weeks to get rid of it. The opening to the ship was designed for these short humanoid beings, and Sam, being a bit too tall, bumped his head on the top of the opening as we were entering the craft. The leader immediately knew, even though his back was toward us. We stopped momentarily, and he asked Sam if he was okay. Sam acknowledged that he was fine in an irritated manner.

There was light inside the ship as we entered. As soon as we were all inside, the beings separated us from one another. There was one being assigned to each of us. The leader was with me. He brought me to a bench, which I cannot describe, as I am writing this account many years later, and some of the details are a bit obscured. He then asked me to remove my clothes and place them neatly in a pile on the floor of the craft. That did not sit well with me.

"They will be fine. You will be able to see them from where we will be working," the leader assured me. I glanced at the entity with Sam and could hear him in my mind, urging him to cooperate. Sam was adamant that he would not remove his clothing. I could hear him arguing with the being.

I asked the leader if I would be able to keep my underwear on. He asked me what underwear was, and so I showed him as I was removing my clothes. He told me that it would be okay. The being who was arguing with Sam finally conceded and said that he would not have to participate since he was so defiant. He patted Sam on the back of his jacket and said that he respected his will for refusing. Then he asked Sam if he would at least be willing to wait with him until the others were finished with the tests. So, Sam agreed.

Complying with their wishes, I piled my clothes against the wall of the craft. I then placed my bag of woodwinds on top of the pile. The ship was not very large inside, maybe 70 to 80 feet in diameter, with a circular room walled off in the center. Other than that room, there didn't appear to be any noticeable partitions. Walls appeared to be white, with diffused light, the source of which I was unable to identify.

The leader led me to an area of the ship where there was a curved countertop that followed the contour of the ship's interior. He asked me to get up

on it and wait there. He then walked over to another being who had a tall metal tray in front of him. The towel he unfurled had strange looking instruments wrapped in it. They looked sort of like dental or surgical instruments.

It felt very awkward sitting on this countertop in my underwear. As the leader was communicating instructions to the other being, I noticed that the counter that I was sitting on had drawers and cupboards. Each one had a little ball-shaped knob. Certainly, no one was going to believe this happened to me, but if I could get something I could keep, then at least I would have some evidence. Without the being noticing, I began to see if I could unscrew one of the knobs. To my surprise, it was coming loose. But, where was I going to put it since I had no pockets?

The knob came off and I held it tightly in my hand. The leader then came back over to me. He tilted his head slightly and asked, "What have you got?" "What do you mean?" I responded. "You took something," he accused. I realized then that it is impossible to hide anything from these guys because they can read your thoughts.

I opened my hand and showed him the knob. He looked up at me and said, "You can't keep that." Just then, the other being watching said, "Why not let him keep it? What harm can it do?" "We are not supposed to let them take anything." the leader asserted. I was a little embarrassed that I had been caught. Normally I'm a very honest person. He took the knob from my hand and put it somewhere I would not be able to reach it. Then he returned with a small black rectangular object that resembled the handset of a 'Contempra' style phone. There were no wires on it.

"I'm going to show you how this works." He stated. Holding out his arm he turned the device on. It emitted a beam of green light. As he aimed it at his arm, wherever the beam shone, I could see through his garment, the skin on his arm, right down to the bones inside.

Now I'm going to try it on you," he revealed. "Is it going to hurt?" I worriedly asked. "No, it won't hurt, but you may feel a bit of a tingling sensation." He gently took hold of my arm and stretched it out horizontally. As he shone the beam on my arm, I could not only see the bones, but I could also see the muscles, nerves, veins, and arteries. I could even see them pulsing with my heartbeat. I was amazed at what this device was able to do.

At that point, the other being came over to where we were standing and moved what appeared to be a gurney over to me. There was a sort of mattress on it. He pushed it up to the countertop I was sitting on, and the leader asked me to

slide over onto it. Then he asked me to lie down on it.

They moved me over to where the metal tray was with the strange instruments on it. I was under some machine with unusual attachments connected to it. There was a large object above me that had round rows of concentric circular lights. The entity and a couple of others were shining the green light on my stomach, actually looking inside my body.

After a short time, he asked me to look at the light above me. He positioned it above my face and turned it on. The rows of lights began to strobe toward the center, and he told me to stare directly at the center of it. As it was strobing, I could feel my attention being drawn into the center of it. It was making me very tired, and I felt like I was about to lose consciousness.

It agitated me. "I don't want to look at that thing anymore." I protested, turning my eyes away. "No, keep looking at it. It's okay. It's not going to harm you," the leader assured. So, I stared at it again and felt that I losing consciousness..., and then I was out.

I woke up in a daze, not sure how long I was out or what they did to me while I was unconscious. The beings helped me down off the gurney and took me over to the area where my clothes were. I began to get dressed as two of the beings stood in front of me while I sat down on the bench. One of them was rolling up the instruments in the towel on the metal tray, which I had assumed they had used to work on me. Two of the people from the van who came onto the ship with me were also there. I noticed that one of them was wearing long underwear, as he was getting dressed.

The leader was inside my head saying, "Now, we have a few moments to answer any questions you may have before we send you back to your vehicle." I began to think about what I wanted to ask them. Someone asked where they were from. The being pointed to a star map on the wall and asked if we could identify the star clusters on it. None of us was able to. "Then you would not know where we are from." was his answer. Another asked, “Do you have any bases here on earth.” “Yes,” he answered. “There is one just out here.” He pointed toward Lake Ontario. What was I going to ask them? I wanted to ask something more profound than the usual run-of-the-mill questions. So, when it came my turn to ask a question, I asked, "What is the true religion on earth?"

They stared at me in surprise and then glanced at each other. The leader turned his gaze toward me again, and leaning forward; he asked, "Why would you ask a question like that?" "Well, you are more technologically advanced than we are, so I would guess that you may be more spiritually advanced as

well." I reasoned. He hesitated and then spoke in my mind, "There is no true religion on earth, and now that is the end of the questions." "Wait a minute." I protested. "You can't just leave me hanging like that." "That is the end of the questions. I've probably said too much already," he said as he ushered us toward the doorway that led outside.

The leader allowed his crew members to escort the others back to the van, and I was the last one to leave. Before I began to descend the steps, the leader put his hand on my shoulder and said, “Wait a minute. I need to speak to you.” As I looked at his eyes, I felt myself losing consciousness again.

When I came to, I was standing outside on the pavement. I could see the leader standing silhouetted in the doorway of the craft. He was staring at me as I was regaining consciousness. It felt like he had been telling me something telepathically. He told me that I had been given a mission that I would come to know at the proper time and that I would be a great blessing to those around me in the future.

A very powerful feeling of love radiated from him. I had never felt love like that before. It was an unconditional love. I didn't want to return to the van. Couldn’t I go with him? As the cold wind blew, my face felt itchy, and I began to scratch it. To my surprise, it was soaking wet, and I realized that I had been crying. I kept trying to remember what he had told me. It was like waking from an amazing dream and trying to remember it, but it was slipping away into my subconscious.

Why I had been crying was a complete mystery to me. Then he floated down to the pavement where I was standing and said to me, "Now, wasn't there something you wanted to show me?" I was holding my bag of recorders I had thought earlier I would like to show them to him. "Oh yeah," I recalled, opening the bag. I pulled out my wooden alto recorder and played a little bit to show him how it worked. Then I handed him a soprano recorder. I resisted a bit as I handed it to him. He took hold of it and pulled it from my hand. First, he looked at it and then he did something I thought was quite strange.

He held the recorder up to his nostrils and blew into it, producing a sound. (Several years later, I found out why he did this.) He handed the recorder back to me. I decided to let him keep it. "You keep it," I offered, "as a souvenir." "What is a souvenir?" he asked. "It’s something to remember me by." I smiled. He thanked me and put it to his belt where it seemed to stick like a magnet. I thought that was odd as there was no metal in it. I then wondered if the music store I bought it from would have any more so I could replace it.

He suddenly held it out toward me and asked, "Would you like it back?" "No, no! That's okay. You keep it," I said, embarrassed that he had read my thoughts again. "Are you sure?" he asked. "Yes, I'm sure. You keep it." I insisted. "Would you like me to escort you back to the vehicle now?" he inquired. "No, that's okay. I'll be fine. Will I see you again?" I asked. "Yes, you will see me again," he replied as I began to walk back to the van. I felt very sad at that moment. I had felt a strange bond with him as if I had known him for years, but I couldn't understand how that could be possible.

When I climbed into the back of the van, everyone seemed catatonic. They were all just sitting there motionless, like they were in suspended animation, frozen in time. Everyone suddenly came to life. It was Sam who spoke first. "We have all agreed on something, and we need you to agree too!" He spoke sternly to me. "We are NOT going to tell anyone about this."

"What are you talking about?" I reacted. "Of course, we're going to tell them. People need to know about this!" I insisted. "No! We are not going to tell anyone, and if you tell anyone about this, we'll just deny it, and you will look like an idiot! As far as we're concerned, it never happened. No one would believe you anyway." he insisted. "Are we all in agreement?" Everyone seemed to nod in agreement except for me. I was very angry at him for doing this. We sat and watched the ship lift off the road and coast out toward Lake Ontario.

After starting the van, we continued toward St. Catharines. Sam's attitude infuriated me. People should know what happened. Then I realized that the hitch-hiker we were giving a ride to was no longer with us. What had happened to him? Where did he go? I was concerned that he was heading back to St. Catharines on foot, in the cold, in the middle of the night.

All the way home, I kept hearing the beings in my mind, saying, "You are going to forget." I mentally argued back, "No, I'm not going to forget! I'm going to remember this for the rest of my life! You can't make me forget this!" This silent argument continued with them until the van pulled up at my house. It was around 5 AM. The experience had lasted about three hours. My parents were asleep.

I let myself in and went into the kitchen to make myself a sandwich. Sitting down at the kitchen table I wrote down everything I could remember about the incident in point form, on a writing pad while it was still fresh in my mind. I tore the page off and put it in the top drawer of my dresser and went to bed. The next morning, I had forgotten the whole incident, and I didn't find that paper again until several years later.

Figure 11 This is a stippling drawing I did of Rigel, the Commander. He seemed to be the common denominator in most of my experiences with the Greys. He was the one who stood with me on the moon crater looking out at the earth suspended in space, in my pre-birth memories. He was the one who examined the veins in my arm, who I gave one of my recorders to, and who I had asked what the true religion on earth was. He wore an insignia on his chest. To the best of my knowledge, this is how I remember it.

Chapter 7

Closing the Case

Near the end of CUFORN's investigation of my case in 1982, Harry Tokarz and Joe Muskat interviewed all the members of the band regarding the incident, and we discovered that the guitarist, Tom, kept a logbook of all the gigs he had played for several years. The date we played at the house party, the night of the band abduction, was discovered to be October 16, 1971, according to Tom's logbook.

That date didn't seem accurate to me, because there was already a Christmas tree in the house where we played, the weather was cold outside and it felt more like winter. CUFORN asked me if I could draw a floor plan of the house from memory, which I did. Also, there was a pole lamp in the corner of the room, which we had to take down to clear the room for Sam to assemble his drums.

Pole lamps were quite popular during the '70s. They were usually three lamps attached perpendicular to a telescopic pole that was spring-loaded, stretching from floor to ceiling and was held in place by the spring action against the ceiling.

Tom had the date and the address written in his logbook, and Anne Marie knew the people who lived there at the time. So, we decided to go there and talk to them. When we arrived and explained why we were there, we were invited inside. The room matched my floor plan sketch exactly with the stairs on the left as soon as you come in the door, and we even found a circular divot on the ceiling where the pole lamp used to be.

However, during the hypnosis session with Dr. Clamar in Manhattan, when I described the abduction, I recalled seeing someone wearing long underwear on the ship when we were asked to remove our clothing. When those memories first surfaced, as you will see from the transcripts, I thought it to be our bass player Calvin.

But when CUFORN questioned the members of the band, none of them admitted to wearing long underwear that night. Having learned this, I figured that it had to have been the hitch-hiker who we picked up at the party. This discrepancy was eventually solved and is explained in a later chapter.

On September 22, 1982, CUFORN had arranged a hypnosis session for Tom

Irving, the guitarist. He and his wife Anne-Marie arrived at Dr. Schulman's office, and Tom was placed under hypnosis. While Tom was undergoing the induction process with Anne-Marie present in the room, it seems Anne-Marie might have been slightly induced herself as she claimed that she recalled the party at Jenny Miller's house where we had played. (Jenny Miller is a pseudonym.)

None of the band members other than me could remember the party at all, though it was there in Tom's logbook. Tom was regressed to the night of the abduction. He seemed somewhat puzzled, but vaguely remembered going off the road after an engagement approximately ten years before this. CUFORN did not give him any prior knowledge regarding the event other than the fact that a UFO was seen.

When Anne-Marie recalled the party, it confirmed that she was with us that night, though at the time I could not recall whether or not she was there. After the session, curiosity had been aroused. So, a follow-up session on September 29, 1982, was arranged.

During that session, Tom showed resistance to Dr. Schulman's probing questions. He clearly stated, "There is something there in the back of my mind… all the time…like a resistance." He also recalled going off the road…maybe because of an accident. He had no memory of the party, or what he was wearing, or even the name of the band, yet Anne-Marie recalled many details.

Anne-Marie stated that this was unusual because her husband has been a professional musician for many years and had a very keen memory of all the events relating to his profession. Tom then consciously began to resist all suggestions that anything had happened.

During the consultation, Dr. Schulman told the CUFORN co-directors that Tom had a mental block, both consciously and unconsciously. CUFORN then suggested that Anne-Marie come in for a hypnotic session. She agreed, but it never manifested. CUFORN felt that it was because of Tom's increasing fear.

My last session with Dr. Schulman was booked for October 2, 1982. They advised me to prepare for my last session as the co-directors felt they were at a stalemate as far as getting decent corroboration of the van incident. Only Anne-Marie and I seemed to remember. The co-directors wanted Dr. Schulman to take me deeper into what was referred to as the somnambulistic state. Dr. Schulman wasn't sure if this was a good idea. Before she took on my case, she had only worked with people who were trying to quit smoking or lose weight. She wasn't accustomed to working on that deeper level.

So, Harry Tokarz recommended that she call Dr. Leo Sprinkle at the University of Wyoming for advice, and Joe Muskat concurred. Dr. Sprinkle was a member of the American Society of Clinical Hypnosis who had trained at the University of Chicago and then later became Director of the Division of Counseling and Testing at the University of Wyoming. He was a psychologist and a veteran UFO researcher who had worked on hundreds of cases involving UFO Experiencers and later published a book in 1999 called *Soul Samples – Personal Explorations in Reincarnation and UFO Experiences* . So, Dr. Schulman called him for a consultation.

They had a conversation by telephone while we sat there in her office, and he gave her some excellent advice on how to proceed with the case. He also told her that the personal problems we had all experienced during the investigation were all part of the case. Later, he stated that if you acknowledge it, it tends to taper off. Dr. Schulman found his advice helpful but didn't necessarily agree with everything he said.

The final hypnosis session on October 2, 1982, proved to be quite bizarre. Dr. Schulman took me into the somnambulistic level, a deeper state of hypnosis than I had ever been in before. The session was taped and transcribed. During the session, Dr. Schulman contacted my subconscious mind directly. Dr. Schulman is abbreviated to DR, and my Subconscious mind is shortened to SUB.

Transcript of the Final Hypnosis Session with Dr. Susan Schulman

SUB : There are things that I know that he (my conscious mind) doesn't know, many things. I control the information that he receives. I release it as I see fit. If I think he's receiving too much information at one time, I hold back until he is able to digest it.

DR : So, you cooperated with me by playing the game and not letting him sense the shock he is not prepared to accept?

SUB : Yes.

DR : Is there much information you can tell us?

SUB : Yes. There is some.

DR : What will happen if you tell us?

SUB : It could influence decisions he might make. The mission is not over yet, so I must withhold some of the information until we see how it goes, what decision he will make.

DR : You say the decision has to be made without him knowing?

SUB : Right. Some things involving the mission will seem to be odd to him. He may not understand why he is doing them. There are very good reasons for that. In time, we will allow him to understand.

DR : Is there a definite ending to the mission, perhaps in years?

SUB : Perhaps not in his lifetime. It depends on the way he handles himself at the proper times. The van incident that he speaks about is true. It's not a fantasy. There are other incidents, some of which we are still withholding.

DR : Tell me this, can you tell me this? What is it that you found interesting?

SUB : It's hard to say. There was a lot of interaction between us.

DR : What does Tom know? (Tom was the guitarist and driver.)

SUB : Tom only knows subconsciously about the incident. His conscious mind cannot handle it.

DR : You said there is something you were listening to.

SUB : That perhaps could have been a misinterpretation.

DR : Is there anything else you can't let Steve listen to?

SUB : Some of the things I don't even know regarding the incidents *(because they haven't yet occurred)* . I don't have all the answers to it, but I have a link with the extraterrestrials. What filters down that link is what they allow me to remember. I am Steve's subconscious, but I am not the voice of the extraterrestrial he thinks of as Makai. We're just in communication. But there are some things the extraterrestrials won't tell me, so I cannot provide all the answers.

DR : What do you want me to call you?

SUB : There are two concepts involved with the name 'Makai.' There's the concept which he first thought, which was the name of the alien. But there is a concept which later on he formed which was the name of his subconscious.

DR : Am I still speaking to him? I want to speak to the part that is sensitive to the part that wants the shock to be slipping away.

SUB : That's Steve's subconscious.

DR : Is that who you are?

SUB : Yes.

DR : It feels right.

SUB : Makai feels right.

DR : Do we know who we are talking about? Are you not the other Makai?

SUB : No, we're two separate entities.

DR : Where is the other one from?

SUB : From a place out in space somewhere.

DR : Do you get in touch with Steve?

SUB : Right. But Steve is getting very close to being in touch with me, so a lot of information that he knows in his conscious mind is what I also feel. He, in a sense, knows himself pretty well in that regard.

DR : How did Makai in outer space make contact?

SUB : That was done at a time very early in my life. I was a small child. How it was done, I can only speculate on how it was done. I can't say for sure. I don't know what was involved.

DR : Can you tell me more about Steve's information about when he was small? Can you tell me?

SUB : I can try to put myself back to the time when the alien Makai spoke to him, as he spoke to me, not to Steve.

DR : Steve didn't remember back. Steve doesn't have to remember at all. You can remember any way you like, actually or fancy talk. You're all a part of it, just like a part in a factory.

SUB : I can see an alien standing in the doorway of the ship.

DR : He's calling you on the ship.

SUB : He has dark black eyes focussed upon me. They're very piercing.

DR : Very repulsive eyes.

SUB : It's his method of communication. It radiates directly from his eyes.

DR : What was the communication? Can you tell us?

SUB : It told me not to say anything about it. I suppose if I wanted to, I could say something, but if I related the incident, the mission could be compromised because it's not completed yet. I don't feel that Steve wants that to happen. He must still want to cooperate with them. It's going somewhere. He wants to find out where it's leading…these UFO incidents. What they're leading up to. There's a definite mission really behind it all. He wants the answer.

DR : If he finds out, then the mission will be aborted?

SUB : Then he'll never get his answer if that happens. I can tell you that it's not harmful or unpleasant. Otherwise, he would have no part of it. I would have interjected if it was something like that.

DR : What was this?

SUB : Something to do with a promise that they made.

DR : He believes the promise?

SUB : He believes that they don't lie.

DR : Why does he believe that?

SUB : For the same reason that if you have a good friend whom you know well, that you can trust, you don't think that they'll lie to you.

DR : Does he know?

SUB : You have the feeling of warmth emanating from them. They have a mission in life, but although the mission is very important, it's not as important as taking into consideration the effect that it would have on an individual that is part of my life. It wouldn't let anything like that go too far.

DR : What about the interferences that were made toward Harry and Joe?

SUB : I don't know who is interfering here, but I don't feel that it was them *(the aliens)* . They are strange-looking, but I can see why people would be afraid of them. But just because they are strange doesn't mean their intentions are evil. I honestly feel that these people are concerned about the good of mankind…the overall good of the earth.

Sometimes the subjects that they work with on earth, such as Steve, do some harm. It's all part of the overall picture. When you look at the amount of damage that's been done to the individuals, as compared to the amount of good that can be accomplished when a mission is complete, the good far outweighs the bad. The end justifies the means.

It depends on the consciousness of mankind on this planet. It depends a lot on how socially advanced we are and how we accept the aliens because many planets have reached that point…accepting them. There is a federation of planets. They're all linked with one another. They travel back and forth from planet to planet just like we travel from country to country. Eventually, the earth will join that link, but it may take a while.

DR : We've taken a long time too.

SUB : I feel more relaxed now.

DR : Let me ask you. Harry and Joe told me you had gone on astral trips. Could I ask you about them?

SUB : It's arbitrary. The mission, the purpose is what's being safeguarded, not the information about the existence of the aliens…or whether or not the incidents happened.

DR : And is it possible to let Harry and Joe know more about the mission?

SUB : Not the mission. They can go as far as they can achieve with determining whether or not the incidents happened.

DR : How would Harry and Joe's knowledge of the mission interfere with Steve's mission?

SUB : It may interfere with the mission itself to some degree if it were publicized. There are people on earth who are consciously aware of what that mission is. Perhaps someday, Steve might become aware himself, but at this point, it is not yet time.

DR : Now, you go back to where you came from. Thank you for talking to me. Will you come out again?

SUB : Perhaps.

Steve : I was coming back right at the end. Makai's got a sense of humor. (laughs) I know where I get it from now.

End of Transcript

Dr. Schulman's Case Summary

On September 6, 1982, Joe and Harry had a consultation with Dr. Schulman. She summarized the case by saying that the hypnosis alone could not determine whether the individual was telling the truth, although she felt that Steve believed what he was saying was the truth. Many readers will have read similar comments from other doctors involved in other cases.

On the negative side, she also felt that the more detail Steve gave under hypnosis, the less believable, the more chance of fantasizing to fill in the blanks in the story. Again, on the negative side, he had read the book *Missing Time* and sought out the author, Budd Hopkins. He later talked about a mission.

On the positive side was the fact that we had to urge Steve to pursue the case further. The doctor detected no unconscious motivation, such as publicity or grandiose illusions. She said that perhaps this whole thing was something beyond our comprehension. In speculating, she suggested that good forces may have inserted the mental blocks we met, and we are playing with fire and that we may hurt something or someone.

Comment from Dr. R. Leo Sprinkle

CUFORN treasurer Harry Tokarz wrote to R. Leo Sprinkle, PHD., Director of the Division of Counseling and Testing, Professor of Counseling Services, at the University of Wyoming in Laramie, Wyoming, USA on October 12, 1982.

Professor Sprinkle is well known for his expertise in regressive hypnosis of UFO abductees for many years. He replied to Harry's letter on November 23, 1982. Here are a few excerpts from the letter:

“I am impressed with the observations which you and your colleagues have noted in the ongoing investigation. I am familiar with these types of observations, although the comment about ‘interference through the women’ was fascinating to me. I agree with the notion that the phenomenon fosters belief (and action), but does not yield to logical analysis.”

“As you know, my feeling is that the best principle is to follow the three steps; become aware, accept, and acknowledge the presence of the intelligent beings in our lives, then we can find out what our ‘mission’ or task or project might be. I offer you my best wishes for your continued investigation, and I’ll be glad to correspond with you about further comments or questions.”

With these final comments, CUFORN published the report of their investigation in the CUFORN Bulletin, Volume 3, No. 5, October – November 1982.

The story was subsequently picked up by MUFON and published in the MUFON UFO Journal, Number 183, on May 1, 1983.

Flying Saucer Review also published the story in Volume 29, Number 3, dated March 3, 1984. I wish to commend the person who went to the trouble of scanning and posting many of the older issues of Flying Saucer Review online. Their journal containing my story is titled ‘Canadian Rock Band Abducted’ and can be found at the following URL:

http://www.noufors.com/Documents/Books,%20Manuals%20and%20Published%

Chapter 8

The Brock University Incident

Several years after the CUFORN investigation ended, I began to recall still more memories of incidents with the short, grey humanoids. One particular incident seemed to stand out. Without any prior hypnosis sessions, I was able to retrieve a large portion of this incident from my subconscious mind. By spending a lot of time going over it in my mind, gradually the pieces started to fit together.

There was a second incident involving the same band I belonged to back in 1971. So, I feel it happened very close to the time that the Van Incident occurred. It's impossible to say for certain how accurate these memories are, as they were consciously remembered solely through an effort of will and determination. The incident occurred at Brock University in St. Catharines, sometime during the winter months of what I believe was 1971. Here it is.

A short time after the Van Incident occurred, perhaps a month or two later, the band had been booked to play at a student pub at Brock University in St. Catharines, known as Alphie's Trough. There was a few inches of snow on the ground. We arrived in the van early in the evening.

It was still daylight when we parked. We unloaded the instruments and the equipment. Tom had a sort of wagon with a rope to pull it, and he put his amp and guitar case on it, and most of the drums and we carried the rest. We entered through the main entrance of the university and began walking down the long, spacious hallway towards the pub.

There were the four band members: Tom, the guitarist, Sam the drummer, Calvin the bass player, myself the singer and woodwind player and of course Ann Marie, who was Tom's girlfriend *(who he later married)* . Down at the end of the hallway, I noticed some activity. There were a couple of beings who looked like grey ETs moving around, and I pointed it out to the guys. We could all see them as we were walking toward them, and when they noticed us coming, one went around the corner, and another one opened a door which I knew led to a recessed theatre type of classroom I had seen once before.

When we got to it, I had decided to open that door and look inside to see if I could spot the being. We got to the end of the hallway, and I grabbed the door handle and pulled it open. It was pitch black inside, and I couldn't see anything.

The others turned the corner where I had seen the other being go. I let go of the door, and as it closed, I walked around the corner. Immediately, all of us were confronted by grey beings, and they separated us from one another so that there was one being for each of us. The concession stand was open, and one of the beings was standing behind the counter.

What a surprise to see him there; but before I could say anything, one of the beings grabbed me and took me aside. Telepathically, he was asking me what we were doing there. I began to tell him that we were the band that was going to be playing at the Brock pub, which was known as Alphie's Trough. He asked me if they were expecting us and I said, "Yes, we have to go. They are paying us to play there." I could hear the others telling them the same thing. Then one of the beings looked at the others and said, "We have to let them go. They will be missed." They escorted us out the door and told us that we would forget this whole incident ever happened.

As we turned our backs to them and began to walk toward the stairs that led up to the pub, we all immediately seemed to forget what had happened. We were standing at the top of the stairs and banged on the door of the pub for them to let us in. Something made me glance down over the railing, and I saw one of the beings quickly move out of my line of vision.

Startled, I shouted, "Look!" pointing at where I had seen the being. Ann Marie caught a brief glimpse of him, but none of the others seemed to notice anything. No one seemed to be answering the door until eventually, a man came and opened it. We announced to him that we were the band that was going to be playing the music there tonight. So, he let us in, and we walked to the stage area.

We began to set up our equipment, and Tom took his wagon back to the van. We finished setting up the equipment and began to play, but there was no one there, except for the staff. After the first set, we asked the bartender when the people usually show up. He replied, "They should be rolling in now. This is usually a very busy night."

While we waited for the people to arrive, we took a long break. But no one showed up. We went back up and played another set for the bar staff. After we finished, we knew something was very wrong. People were still not arriving. The bartender seemed to be baffled. "I don't understand this," he pondered. "This is usually the busiest night of the week. This has never happened before." We were going to go up to play another set, and the bartender told us not to bother. "There's no point in playing if there's nobody to listen." So, we ordered a round of beer and relaxed.

Talking amongst ourselves, we were wondering where everybody was. “It couldn’t be because they don’t like us. They haven’t even heard us.” I mused. “It’s a complete mystery.” We stayed for most of the evening and didn’t play anymore. Finally, the bartender said, “You guys might as well go home. Nobody’s going to show up tonight. I don’t know what happened to them. It’s beyond me.” He paid us for showing up, even though no one came to hear us, and we began to pack up our equipment. Tom came to me and handed me his keys. “Would you mind going back to the van to get the wagon while we pack up?” “Sure, I’ll be back shortly,” I replied.

Leaving the pub, I started walking back through the doors of the University into the area where the beings had stopped us on the way in. However, the incident had not been recalled. After drinking a couple of beers at the pub, I needed to use a bathroom. So, I walked down an adjacent hallway to look for one. A hallway led off to the right, and when I turned the corner, much to my surprise, there was somewhere between 100 to 200 people all standing quiet in a lineup down the hallway.

Approaching a woman in the lineup I inquired, “What are all these people doing standing here?” “The men told us to wait here.” She revealed. “What men?” I asked perplexed. “The men who were here. They come and take a few of us at a time, and we have to wait here.” She had kind of a blank expression on her face. It suddenly occurred to me that this was our audience. Who told them to wait here, I wondered? There was a men’s washroom across from where we were all standing. So, I went in and emptied my bladder.

When I came out, a man was standing near the front of the lineup looking toward me. “You there!” He called to me, “Why aren’t you waiting in the line up like you were told?” I replied, “I’m sorry, but I’m not part of this group. I have to go and get the wagon for my band so we can load our equipment on it.”

As I started to walk away, the man stopped me again. “You can’t!” he exclaimed. “You need to wait here.” “I can’t wait. I don’t know what we’re waiting for, and nobody else seems to know either.” I was becoming annoyed. “Well, since you have to leave, I will see if they can take you right now. Come with me.” He motioned me to follow and started walking toward a glass door at the junction of the two hallways, and I reluctantly followed him out the door.

It was cold outside, and the ground had a few inches of snow on it. I became aware that there were hundreds of footprints in the snow, all leading around a corner at the back of the building. The man was leading me there. I’m not sure when I realized it, but this man was beginning to look less human and more like

a grey alien, but I didn't seem to be afraid. How could I not have noticed this before?

As we rounded the corner, I was surprised to see a large saucer-shaped craft sitting on the ground. The door was open and there were lights on inside and a ramp leading up to it. Someone was standing inside the craft, and people were moving around in the background. The entity with me walked up to the person standing in the doorway of the craft, a human female who was dressed in a Red Cross nurse's uniform,

"Can you take this one now? He has to go," asked the being accompanying me. "No, I can't," replied the woman. "There are too many as it is." "Well, what should I do with him then?" asked the grey being. "I don't know. Take him wherever he needs to go." She replied. She appeared to be quite irritated.

The humanoid then turned to me. "Where do you need to go?" "Well, the guys are going to be wondering what happened to me. I was supposed to go and get the wagon. I told them I would be right back."

We never went back to the university. Instead, we started walking down the road behind the university toward the pub. When we got to the pub, it was closed, and then I noticed the van parked at a set of doors further down and saw the guys loading the equipment into it. But I had Tom's keys. How he was able to move the van there? I asked the being if he could come with me and explain to them what happened. He stated firmly, "No. I'm sorry, I can't do that. I have to get back to the group. They need me. If you are okay now, I will leave you, and you can join your friends."

"They are going to be mad at me because I took so long. I need you to come and explain it." I pleaded. "I can't do that." He responded. "Then can you at least stand over by the fence, and I will point to you and tell them that I was with you, and then you can leave," I begged. "Okay, I will do that for you." He stated reluctantly.

When I walked up to the guys, they yelled, "Where the hell have you been?" "I was with him!" I said. "He wouldn't let me go." I could see the being standing by the fence as he promised and pointed to him. "Who?" asked Sam. "There's nobody there." "The alien! He's right there by the fence. Can't you see him?" "No!" replied Sam. "There's nobody there! You're lucky Tom had an extra set of keys hidden on the van, or we would have been stuck out in the cold! We were going to leave without you!" They were very angry with me. I felt terrible as I looked once more toward the being and saw that he had disappeared.

Tom got his keys, but I felt terrible that they didn't believe me. As we drove

away, I sat quietly in the van, feeling like an idiot who sounded crazy, or at the very least irresponsible. Surely, they would never trust me again. I couldn't remember what happened after that. Probably that the incident faded from our memories like it did when we first encountered them on the way to the pub. No one mentioned it again. Shortly after that, the band broke up.

The Woolworth Incident

There are two separate fragments of memory I can partially recall that occurred with a woman I was dating at the time. It was around 1976, and I was with a woman called Cindy (a pseudonym). Her parents were very strict and didn't like me. So, when we went out, her parents would sometimes follow us and park down the street to spy on us.

We knew they were doing it as Cindy spotted their truck a couple of times and also recognized it. There was a bar we used to hang out at called *The Meeting Place* . We became friends with the owner and also the Disc Jockey who played there, mostly disco at the time. We used to give her parents 'the slip' by going in there. We would disappear, and they wouldn't know where we went.

Across the street from The Meeting Place was the old abandoned Woolworth store. It was being torn down to make space for the new Corbloc building and its parking lot. Demolition contractors had nailed a plywood barrier around the building to keep people out while the building was being demolished. But one cold night as Cindy and I were walking by it, we noticed that a section of the plywood barrier had come loose. I pulled the section out, and we looked inside. Most of the building was still intact, and it was light enough to be able to see around fairly easily. So, we decided to go in.

We were planning on 'making out' on a large steel desk inside. A partial second floor that looked like a promenade went around the perimeter of the building. We were sitting on the steel desk kissing, when I suddenly spotted something moving on the promenade above us. "There's somebody up there," I said. Cindy replied, "There can't be. There's nobody here but us." "Yes, there is. There is somebody up there." I stood up and looked into the dark area of the building. Suddenly, I couldn't move, and fell on the floor, sort of half facing the desk that Cindy was still sitting on. I couldn't move my head to get a full view, so I could only see it partially.

Several humanoids had shown up seemingly out of nowhere and had gathered around Cindy. She must not have been able to move either as she was

calling out to me for help, but there was nothing I could do. Paralyzed and terrified, I could partially see the beings doing something to her. They were grey beings with large heads and big black eyes. I had no idea how long I was lying on the floor, but it seemed like ages. Eventually, I was able to move again and sat up. Cindy was getting off the desk and was walking toward me. She had put her coat back on. About four to six beings were watching us, standing near the desk. I stood up and no longer felt any fear.

One of the beings escorted us back to the loose piece of plywood where we came in. He was telling us telepathically that we would forget everything, and as we moved back out through the loose plywood, I glanced back and noticed the being turning away from us. “Hey, there’s somebody in there,” I said. “There was nobody in there,” Cindy said. “You must be seeing things.” We were going to go back to The Meeting Place, but Cindy’s mascara was running down her cheeks. I mentioned it to her, and she said, “I don’t want to go back in there.” I looked at my watch and said, “I’ll take you home then. It’s late.”

I drove her home and let her out in front of her parent’s house. She kissed me goodnight and went inside. I didn’t hear from her again until the next day. She told me that when she went in, her parents were sitting on the couch, then she took off her coat and put it in the closet. Then she ran upstairs to her bedroom. When she got into her room, she noticed that her blouse was hanging out at the back, trapped in her bra strap, and wondered if her parents had noticed. They never said anything if they did. She cleaned off her mascara and went to bed. For sure I had not done that to her blouse. I wouldn’t have been that careless.

The Fireman’s Park Incident

The other fragmented memory of an experience I had, was one day when I was on a picnic with Cindy. Once again, I remembered this incident consciously without the aid of hypnosis. It has never been researched. Sometime around 1978, Cindy and I decided to go on a picnic. We wanted to go somewhere we had never gone before, so we decided on a place in Niagara Falls called Fireman’s Park. We went there and found a place in the lower part, where there was a set of metal stairs going down into a valley. It was a grassy space with a river running through it. After parking in the parking lot above, we walked down to where we saw some picnic tables. We carried a Hibachi barbeque, a bag of briquettes, some barbeque starter fluid, and a cooler with food in it.

After we arrived at a picnic table, I set up the barbeque and loaded the briquettes into it. It was a beautiful area, but very windy, and I wondered if maybe we should have looked for a more sheltered spot. I soaked the briquettes with barbeque fluid and tried to light them. But the wind was so strong I was having a lot of difficulties keeping it lit. Suddenly, a medium-sized brown dog arrived on the scene and was quick to make friends with us. Cindy played with the dog while I tried to get the barbeque going, but was having so much trouble I was getting angry. The wind was relentless. “We should have brought charcoal instead. It’s a lot easier to light than these stupid briquettes.” I grumbled.

The barbeque finally started and I began to cook some hamburgers, but they tasted like barbeque fluid. After we finished eating, I played with the dog for a while, and we wondered why its master was not around. There was nobody around. Eventually, it was time to leave. I wasn’t sure what we were going to do with the dog. As we approached the stairs to go back up to the parking lot, we noticed an older man standing near the bottom of the iron staircase looking up toward the sky. As we got closer to him, he said to us, “Have you ever seen anything like that before?”

Looking up to the sky I saw what appeared to be a large black object hovering above us. It was very high up, but at arm's length, it would have appeared about the size of a golf ball. Never had I seen anything so black before in my life. It seemed to have a black corona around it as if it were glowing with darkness if that was possible. It appeared to be oval-shaped, but we couldn’t make out any features because it was so pitch black. It just looked like a big black hole in the sky. I don’t remember anything else, not what happened to the man or the dog, or even the drive home.

Chapter 9

The Pre-Birth Memories

Many different thoughts went through my mind after recalling these experiences. The question I often asked that probably all alien abductees ask themselves at one time or another is, “Why me? What would make them choose me? Was it a generational thing? If so, how far back in my family did it go?”

I’m not exactly sure what year this incident occurred, but it wasn’t long after the release of Dan Brown’s book *The Da Vinci Code* in 2003. The popular novel explores an alternative religious history, whose central plot is that the Merovingian kings of France were descended from the bloodline of Jesus Christ and Mary Magdalene.

The book, as can be expected, had stirred up quite a controversy among Christian religions, one of which I had been a member of at the time. Always a critical thinker, I tended to question everything, despite what the church was telling me. What if Jesus did marry Mary Magdalene? I wondered. What difference would it make to the church or to people’s faith in him? My decision was to buy the book. What source had Dan Brown used to come up with this idea?

When I went to the book store, my eyes fell upon another book called *The Nag Hammadi Library* authored by James M. Robinson, and while examining its cover, I noticed a sticker that read: Intrigued by Dan Brown’s *The Da Vinci Code* ? Go behind the story and discover some of the original texts. According to Wikipedia:

> *The Nag Hammadi Library* is a collection of early Christian and Gnostic texts discovered near the Upper Egyptian town of Nag Hammadi in 1945. Thirteen leather-bound papyrus codices enclosed in a sealed jar was found by a local farmer named Muhammed al-Samman. The writings in these codices comprised 52 mostly Gnostic treatises, but they also include three works belonging to the *Corpus Hermeticum* and a partial translation/alteration of *Plato's Republic* .

In his introduction to *The Nag Hammadi Library* in English, James Robinson suggests that these codices may have belonged to a nearby Pachomian monastery and were hidden after Saint Athanasius condemned the use of non-

canonical books in his Festal Letter of 367 A.D. The discovery of these texts significantly influenced modern scholarship's pursuit and knowledge of early Christianity and Gnosticism.

Of interest to me were any writings that had been rejected as non-canonical, as I wasn't comfortable with the idea of men deciding what content may or may not be included in the bible. I didn't like other people doing my thinking for me. This was part of the reason that I eventually left Christianity after becoming more educated with respect to its beginnings.

If this was where Dan Brown got his information regarding the marriage of Jesus and Mary, then perhaps it would be better if I bought *The Nag Hammadi Library* instead, and discover whether I would reach the same conclusions. So, I left the book store with a copy of *the Nag Hammadi Library* . *The Da Vinci Code* would have to wait.

At that particular period in my life, I was in between drafting jobs, so I had taken a job working in a local hardware store. During my lunch breaks, I would often go and sit in my van in the parking lot and read while eating my lunch. While immersed in reading *the Nag Hammadi Library*, I read something that struck a chord with me. I don't remember the particular treatise I had read at the time, but it triggered a sudden flow of pre-birth memories in my mind.

It was something about a 'high place' from which the earth could be seen in its entirety, looming in the expanse of the heavens. Suddenly, I had an epiphany, right there in the parking lot. My memory had unexpectedly opened, and I began to recall the following:

I was standing next to a grey being with the familiar large cranium and big black eyes. He was wearing a silvery colored uniform and held some kind of title. It seemed to me to be something like 'gate-keeper.' He was responsible for those coming and going from the earth. This being I knew very well and respected his authority as we might respect an officer or a guard. His name was Rigel, and he was from somewhere in the constellation of Orion.

Standing next to him, looking out from this *high place* , I could see the earth hanging in space like a big beach ball. Fear gripped me as I gazed at it. Rigel began to speak. "You have to go there," he said softly. "I don't want to go there!" I protested. "It's already been decreed by the Council. You have to go. It's your time," he repeated.

I stood there motionless, watching the earth in front of me. We were standing on top of a ridge, or mountain. I called it the 'high place.' When considering the size that the earth appeared to be from my perspective and the

terrain of the landscape around me, I feel that I must have been standing somewhere on the moon, perhaps on the edge of a crater. I perceived myself as a young human male child.

I pleaded with Rigel not to send me there, but he insisted that I had to go because the Council had decreed it. The Council was the ruling authority there, and when they decided something, there was no escaping it. I was terrified. “I’m afraid to go!” I cried. “Why are you so afraid?” Rigel probed. “Because I’ve heard so many horrible things about that place,” I confessed.

“There is a soul who just returned from there. Maybe, if you were to speak to him, it might alleviate your fears,” he suggested. “Would you be willing to talk with him?” I agreed to meet with him. Suddenly, I found myself standing in an empty room, dimly lit, and a man was sitting in a chair in front of me. I was facing his left side. He was leaning forward and looking somewhat depressed. Surely, this was the soul that Rigel had told me about.

Approaching him, I prepared to question him. “Rigel suggested that I speak to you. You just returned from a life on earth? What was it like? Is it a bad place?” I inquired. He was silent at first, as I patiently awaited his reply. “It’s hard to explain,” he spoke hesitantly. “It’s good and bad. Some have good experiences there, and some not so good.”

“Well, is it more good than bad, or more bad than good?” I questioned. “I’m probably not the best person to ask.” He responded. “Let me ask you this. Would you go back again?” I prodded. “Well, that’s the problem.” He replied. “I have to go back.” He looked very troubled. “Why do you have to go back?” I inquired, feeling some concern for this person. “I have to go back because I didn’t complete my mission. He looked up at me.

It was then that it dawned on me that he had ended his mission prematurely. He had committed suicide. “So now, do you see why I’m not the best person to ask?” I knew that there was nothing I could learn from this poor soul that would make me feel any better. So, I returned to Rigel and again found myself standing next to him on the high place.

“Well, did you talk to him?” Rigel inquired. “Yes, I spoke to him,” I responded. “And? Did it help?” he pressed. “No, it didn’t help!” I cried. “If anything, it just made me feel worse! What will happen if I refuse to go?” “Believe me! There are far worse places than earth they could send you,” he warned. He made me feel as if I had no choice in the matter. “How long will I have to be there?” I inquired.

“Not long, perhaps sixty or sixty-five years.” He said, trying to minimize the

issue. “Sixty-five years!” I exclaimed. “I can’t stay there that long!” Rigel stared at me with his big black eyes. He then told me that a great event would take place during that time, which would bring hardship to many souls and that many would perish. I asked him if it would be the ‘day of the judgment of all souls,’ and he responded, “No, that won’t be for many years in the future.”

When I later recalled asking him this, I was surprised that such a time would be coming in the future. I felt a great concern and despair for mankind on the ‘day of judgment’ and knew that all souls were dreading that time. How would my soul fair when that time came? Even then, I had a great fear of God’s judgment. How I was aware of such a pending eventuality, one can only speculate.

Rigel could feel my fear, and as I pondered this, I could sense his fear as well. It was my understanding that no one could escape the judgment of souls. It would be a time when each of us would have to give an account of everything we had ever done in all of our lifetimes. “Well, I’m not supposed to do this, but since you’re so afraid to go, I will make it a bit easier for you than what was originally planned,” he reassured me.

It was surprising that he was able to do that. Until he said that, I didn’t understand how much authority he possessed. “If I go, will you come and visit me and check on me now-and-then, to make sure I’m alright?” I requested. “Well, we don’t usually like to do that, but okay, I will agree to that.” He seemed exasperated that I had pressured him into these compromises.

Feeling a bit more reassured, I still felt my free will was being violated. But despite this, I conceded to go. “Before you leave, I will give you some information that may help you,” he explained. “There is a group of people there who follow the teachings of a man named Jesus. If you find these people and learn those teachings, when you return, you will be admitted to a place that is far more beautiful than you can ever imagine.”

This helped to encourage me. “Okay, I will find this man called Jesus!” I promised. “No, you won’t find him. He isn’t there anymore, but there are some people who preserve his teachings. If you find them, they will help you.” He advised. “Then, I will find them.” I again promised. “Well, sadly, your chances of finding them are not very good, because you probably won’t remember me telling you this. Your memory will be blocked.” He sighed. “I will remember it!” I insisted. “Well, we’ll see. I hope you do,” he mused at my determination.

I suspected that I was probably standing on the same ‘high place’ that the devil took Jesus to, showed him all the kingdoms of the earth, and claimed that

he would give them to him if he would do just one act of worship to him. It would be the perfect vantage point to show someone all the kingdoms of the earth. I looked at the earth suspended in space and then seemed to step through a kind of portal. I began spinning, finding myself descending toward the earth. It was as though I was falling through a vortex.

Arriving at my destination, I found myself in the body of a small male child who my parents called Stevie. I somehow recognized them, though I wasn't sure how. There was something I was supposed to remember, but I was a bit disorientated and having trouble with my motor skills. My parents had a black and white TV they left turned on most of the time. One day, I was lying in my crib listening to the TV and heard the name, Nigel. I immediately remembered Rigel, who had sent me here. "Commander Rigel! I remember him!" I thought to myself.

It turned out that Rigel did keep his part of the bargain. He would come to check on me every now-and-then. After I had recalled these pre-birth memories, I came to realize that he was the same being who had been the leader in my alien experiences and visitations.

He was the 'Commander.' When I recalled this, everything seemed to fall into place, so I no longer needed to ask myself, "Why me?" I then understood that the reason he had been visiting me was because I had asked him to. It was a 'condition' that I had asked of him before agreeing to incarnate here. Until that time, I hadn't realized that it was a fulfillment of the terms of a pre-birth contract that I had negotiated with him.

Eventually, I came to realize I had subconsciously been trying to follow the advice he had given me about finding the people who carry the teachings of the man named Jesus. I had been a Christian for several years! However, I left the church shortly after that.

The church didn't accept the doctrine of reincarnation, and my pre-birth memories had changed my beliefs considerably. The church also told me that all aliens were demons. That explanation never sat well with me. Why would a loving God place human beings on earth and then populate all the rest of the trillions upon trillions of planets with demons? It just seemed so ludicrous to me.

Then one day, I discovered a book by an author and bible scholar named Bart D. Ehrman. It was called *Lost Christianities – The Battles for Scripture and the Faiths We Never Knew*. The book offered a fascinating introduction to the astonishing range of 'lost Christianities' that flourished at the time when the Christian movement was forming. It looks at the various Christian sects that

eventually gave way to what we would today refer to as ‘orthodoxy’ and how the canon of New Testament scriptures came to exist.

When I read this book, it became obvious that there were many struggles among early Christians. There were wars over their diversity of beliefs and opinions, and they would often excommunicate, or banish one other. The realization became apparent to me that what we now know as Orthodox Christianity is not necessarily the true version at all. It just happened to be the one that won the competition over the others. It surprised me also to discover that the virgin Mary came very close to becoming part of the trinity doctrine. A mere vote is what determined it.

The next book I read was another of Bart D. Ehrman’s books called *Lost Scriptures – Books That Did Not Make It into the New Testament* . In this book, he approaches the Bible from a historically-critical perspective rather than an evangelical perspective. Apparently, the bible was made of copies of copies of copies and no original texts were remaining in existence.

It was a common practice in those days for authors of texts to sign the names of various apostles to their works to give them more credibility and authority. Some of the books in the New Testament were not signed at all. Biblical scholars would assign an author’s name to them based on the writing style and choice of words as their ‘best guess’ as to who wrote them.

Several more of his books came to my attention, and throughout my study of these, I came to the decision that I could no longer be a Christian. The Bible seemed to focus mainly on the teachings of Paul, rather than on what Jesus was teaching. More of Jesus’ teachings were contained in the *Nag Hammadi Library,* and in many of the Gnostic scriptures, than in the bible.

The Christianity I had come to believe in so strongly, was not really what I thought it was at all. It was an illusion. The church had misinterpreted so much of it that it no longer held the same credibility with me. And so, I left Christianity. It was one of the hardest decisions I ever had to make, but I believe it was the right thing to do, given what I now know.

Naturally, I kept the basic teachings of Jesus, which were to love God with all your heart and all your soul and all your mind, and to love your neighbor as you love yourself. After I left the church, there was a huge empty hole in my spiritual life. However, it didn’t stay empty for long. My whole perception of reality changed, and my spiritual life flourished in ways I never before imagined. I had never felt so free. I believed that Jesus had ‘other sheep,’ and wanted to know more about them. Where did he spend his time in those years of his life

that the bible omitted? So many questions!

How many other souls have been launched from that *high place* on the moon? It may be some kind of an interdimensional way station for souls assigned to incarnate on earth. If Rigel was a grey alien, then that suggested the greys have something to do with assigning us to bodies here on earth and monitoring our progress from the day we are born until the day we die.

I'm of the opinion that they are the custodians, the keepers of the garden, or the wizards beyond the curtain who are directing our 3D earth experiences. The reason most of us don't remember our pre-birth existence is because our celestial memories are wiped when we are put into flesh. This is similar to the way they wipe our memories after an ET abduction. They occupy the domain we go to after our bodies die, and where we also existed before our birth. We are not alone. We have never been!

Chapter 10

Lifting the Veil

The beings stopped physically visiting me around the year 1976. Occasionally there were times when I had sightings or would see them in my dreams, but all the physical encounters seemed to have come to an end. Possibly there were more buried in my subconscious mind that I still had not remembered, but I didn't feel that there was much left that had not already been uncovered in the hypnosis sessions. I chose not to reveal my real identity when my case was published by CUFORN and told very few friends and family members.

Most of the people I did tell, handled it fairly well. I'm not sure whether or not they believed me, or if they just felt that it was real to me. Perhaps they felt that I was suffering from some sort of mental delusion. There were times when I even questioned my sanity. I'm sure every abductee, or experiencer as they are now called, begins to questions their sanity at some point.

Budd Hopkins told me that once you start having your case investigated, they stop visiting you. Although that appeared to be the case, I often wondered if perhaps there was another reason why they had stopped. Perhaps because I was so resistant to allow them to wipe my memory. Why did they feel it so necessary to block all memory of them? Someone told me that they do it so that you can go on living a semi-normal life and that if we remembered, we wouldn't be able to do that. Still, why did the experiences always have to take place on their terms?

Since recalling all these incidents, my life has been anything but what one would call normal. However, it has never been an obstacle to me in forging ahead on my unique journey. I'm fully capable of working and taking care of myself, especially since having survived two marriages. Living alone I spend much of my free time reading, doing research, and participating in social media. I stopped watching TV years ago, especially mainstream news. In my opinion, it is a tool for mind control, designed to shape the viewer's perspective of reality based on disinformation, propaganda, elite agendas and outright lies.

I became keenly aware of all the lies that we are told in our education system, in the political arena, in religion, and through the mainstream media. As a critical thinker, I developed a tendency to question everything. It was no longer possible to trust the illusory world construct I was living in, and it instigated a

paradigm shift in my way of thinking. It was as though I had torn a hole in the fabric of reality and stuck my head in to look around.

There are puppet masters who are pulling the strings and subjugating how we comprehend reality. It is all a grand illusion to keep us trapped in debt slavery for most of our lives, though most people have no idea that they are being manipulated. It is all they have ever known, so they believe that it's supposed to be that way. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe once said, "None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free." Throughout my entire life, I never felt I belonged here. The earth never seemed like home to me. Earth felt more like a prison planet and I marvelled at how I ever managed to end up here.

Many well intentioned, spiritually-minded people would attempt to convince me that on some level I had chosen to come here and that, I voluntarily agreed to it. But even before recalling my pre-birth memories, I refused to believe that. I begged and pleaded not to be sent here and was threatened that if I refused, I could be sent somewhere far worse than earth. The council had decreed it and made me feel that I had no choice in the matter. Who was this council and why did they not respect my free will?

Eventually, I began to understand that they needed my consent. They could not send me here unless I agreed to it. So, they threatened and deceived me in every possible way they could think of, in order to bully me into consenting. Rigel eventually wore me down and convinced me that I had no choice in the matter, so I finally surrendered my consent, with the condition that he would come and check on me periodically to make sure that I was *okay* . However, this was not a voluntary agreement. I had conceded under duress. It has since occurred to me that these beings will go to almost any extent to get you to agree regardless of how much you protest.

They are much like pirates. Once you give them your consent or implied consent in some cases, you become trapped on the wheel of karma and find yourself living on earth in debt slavery, sometimes for hundreds of lifetimes. You have relinquished your rights, leaving your captors unaccountable for enslaving you because you gave them your permission. You have sold yourself into slavery and have now essentially become property.

There's a reason they call this a 'soul contract.' There may be many different species of extraterrestrial beings populating our universe, our galaxy, our solar system, and even our planet. Good and evil occur in every species, just like there is in our human race. Some have our best interests at heart, and some

do not.

The greys are no different. Some of them are mercenaries and will work for the highest bidder, and some are more benevolently working for the betterment of the human race. Within that umbrella, there are different species of greys, and they each have their agendas. They are not all demons, as some religions might have you believe. However, when dealing with any extra-terrestrials, we need to exercise great caution. You have to consider that if they came all this way to visit us, then there must be something they want from us. One can only speculate what that might be. Take all the time you need to think about that.

The ETs like to operate in secrecy. It is in our and their best interest to do so. Some of these beings may be thousands of years ahead of us, not just in technology, but in many ways, such as social development and spiritual development. In many ways, they may be similar to us and in other ways, not even close. If we want to understand them better, we might perhaps take a look at our social infrastructure. We have our governing bodies; we have our military hierarchical structure, our education system, our legal system, etc. It is all part of maintaining an order in which we deal with the various challenges and goals within our populace.

The existing model we have, in many ways, works to maintain our existence and get us through each day. It is by no means a perfect system, but without some order as to how we do things, chaos would ensue, and our progress would swiftly come to a halt. We have to consider that extraterrestrial civilizations would have a social infrastructure as well, and that over time they have likely worked out many of the typical problems that we are currently facing. They must also have a governing body, an education system, a legal system, a police force, a medical system, a system of trade with other civilizations, and so forth.

Since we are a fledgling civilization in the grand scheme of things, most of the general populace is still completely unaware that extraterrestrial civilizations even exist, let alone that they would have an organized social infrastructure. So, our civilization, for the most part, has never even considered this. As a whole, we have no idea what our place in the universe is. We've been conditioned in our ignorance to keep on working and accepting the illusion that is presented to us every day by the mainstream media, religion, politics, the education system, and all the other tools that are used to keep us living the illusion and being productive members of society. We are hopelessly lost in the matrix.

The extraterrestrials know this. Many of their civilizations have been down this road themselves and want to help us. In some ways, they are like a big

brother. If they could, they would most likely come in and end the slavery. But that is not as easy as it might appear to be, because the same universal law that was used to put us in debt slavery also prevents us from being rescued from it. It's known as the *'law of free will.'* It is the same concept as the 'Prime Directive' referred to in the Star Trek television series. They are not allowed to interfere with the free will and natural development of any emerging intelligent, species, and the consequences of breaking that law can carry a heavy penalty.

There are, however, certain exceptions. They are authorized to interfere if the species is on an inevitable path of self-annihilation, or if they plan to do irreparable damage to the planet they occupy, their neighboring planets, or moons. We currently have weapons that are capable of doing this. These weapons can also damage other extraterrestrial and interdimensional life forms occupying other realms that we are unable to perceive with our five senses. ETs will interfere if their collective existence is threatened.

Another more preferable way to influence our course of development is to become one of us. This means they would actually have to incarnate in human form. If they become a participant, then they have the same rights as any other human to make an impact on the development of our civilization. However, they would have to undergo a memory wipe of their previous lifetimes as an extra-terrestrial, thereby subjecting themselves to a serious disadvantage in achieving their mission.

Another permissible way that they can have an effect on our development is, to make contact with our political world leaders and forge a contract, or treaty with them. This would allow them to acquire consent on our behalf, thereby granting them permission to intervene in our affairs to the extent of the conditions specified in the treaty.

Another exception to the law of free will, or the law of non-interference, permitting them to intervene in our affairs, is if they are petitioned by us to do so. The petition would need to be initiated by enough people to constitute *critical mass* . The condition of free will is recognized by them, and they may offer their services freely, or in exchange for something of value, which may also involve a treaty or contract.

Slavery could come into play this way, being initiated by a species that may seek to exploit, or dominate us for its own advantage. So, there is a caveat we need to observe when we aren't familiar with the motives of a particular species that we may be planning on petitioning for help, particularly if in exchange for unspecified or unclear contract terms.

I strongly believe that there is a kind of Intergalactic Federation of Planets that presides over the many different ET races in and around our galaxy. This Federation, I believe, is a governing body exercising authority over the various intelligent species of beings that inhabit our galaxy. They are the ones who make the rules and enforce them. When a species reaches a certain level in their development, they may be asked to join this organization, which can offer many advantages. All this has been shrouded in secrecy and, for the most part, hidden from public knowledge. They are a sort of galactic version of our United Nations. Our military is conscious of their presence and has been aware at least since the early 1940s.

Today, we see many *whistleblowers* coming forward, who claim to have worked on various clandestine *black ops* military projects, and they are telling us about secret space programs that have been in operation for decades. Wars are taking place in space that we are not publicly aware of. Some of these wars have been going on for thousands of years.

But I am certain that all is soon going to be revealed. We are at a point in our evolutionary development as a species, where we are waking up. We are becoming more aware. Secrecy is slowly coming to an end. The truth must be told, and many are clamoring for disclosure. We are tired of all the lies and deception. This secrecy involves more than just our 3D physical reality. Other interdimensional realms above ours operate on a different vibrational frequency level that we can't perceive with our five senses, and these realms are populated with intelligent life.

When we die, most of us enter a tunnel of light and go back to the state we existed in before we were born. The bible calls this our *First Estate*. We are reunited with our 'soul families' on the other side of the veil. Traditionally, we have incarnated in many lifetimes with these souls. We are given a time of rest in order to reflect on what we have endured during our last lifetime and to heal.

A life review apparently follows, where we are shown everything that happened during that lifetime and evaluate what we could have done better. We see how we treated others, and usually, we end up agreeing to go back and try again. Then we are reprogrammed and sent back to earth to once again incarnate in another body. Our memories are wiped, and the process keeps repeating itself over and over, lifetime after lifetime.

What we seldom realize, is that we are all divine beings. Some think that we have a little spark of God in each of us, but we are so much more than that. There is a quote from the Sufi mystic, Rumi: "We are not just a drop in the

ocean; we are the entire ocean in a drop." We aren't just a small spark of the creator. At the root of our being, we ARE the creator experiencing itself through each one of us as individuals. As beings of infinite potential, we are one with the creator, all unique expressions of the I AM presence. The creator is infinite intelligence, the divine source, the grand unified field, or what physicist David Bohm called the implicate order.

There exists a veil in our consciousness. It has been in place for thousands of years. It is what separates our conscious mind from our subconscious mind or universal mind. Some feel that it is self-imposed as a protection mechanism. To cross that veil is a matter of altering our resonant frequency. For the most part, we are held in a lower vibrational frequency that limits our ability to perceive what is beyond the veil. Yet we visit it every time we dream or have a near-death experience.

The beings we refer to as ETs resonate at a higher frequency and are therefore, not limited by this veil. They have to lower their frequency to enter our 3D realm and become corporeal. Eons ago, they mastered the ability or technology to do this. We are not that far away from being able to do it ourselves. When we finally discover how to cross this veil, I believe it will be an ascension event that will propel us into the next level of our human evolution.

That veil keeps us from discovering who and what we are. It is the *veil of forgetfulness* that we become subjected to the moment we take on a physical bodily form. Most of the non-human intelligences who visit us, occupy this higher vibrational realm, and would perhaps be more appropriately referred to as interdimensional beings. To be able to experience this higher vibrational realm, or state of being, is what many spiritually-minded people are endeavoring to achieve through practicing meditation and attempting to activate the third eye chakra or pineal gland.

It is now a popular belief that we are living in a holographic computer simulation. There are several good books and scientific journals published around the concept of a holographic reality, first postulated by two quantum physicists, David Bohm and Carl Pribram, and later expanded on by others such as Michael Talbot in his book *The Holographic Universe* . Assuming that this is the case, then the veil may be more precisely identified as a *firewall* .

So, how might this simulation be introduced to us? Well, I have a bizarre theory that might explain it. There is a signal being transmitted to us that creates the illusion of the reality we live in. In other words, it is a kind of holographic grid or field that *overlays* our reality and prevents us from perceiving the natural

order of true reality. I believe that it is being transmitted from a remote location somewhere in space. I suspect that it is coming from somewhere on the moon and that it is being sent by malevolent beings with a specific agenda to alter our minds and control how we perceive our reality.

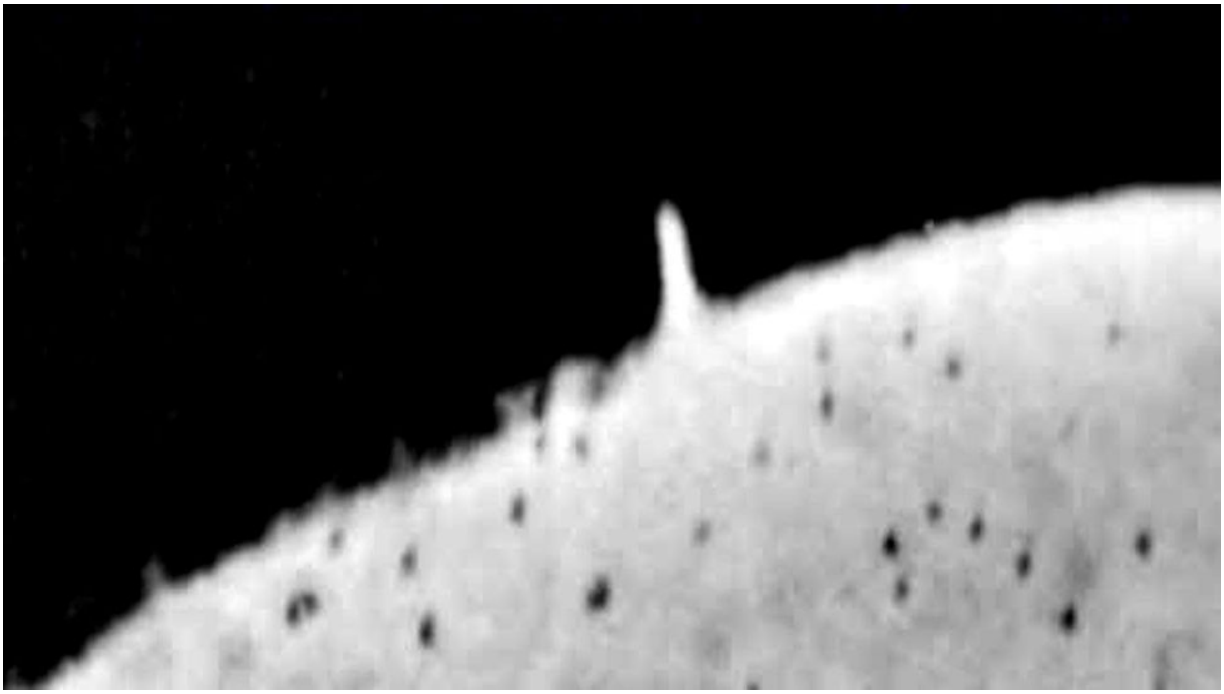

Figure 12 This is a picture of a tower structure on the moon photographed by the Russian Spacecraft ZOND 3 in 1965. Since then, many tower-like structures have been photographed on the moon. When transmission towers are built on earth, they are placed at very high altitudes to facilitate better signal coverage. What better place to erect signal towers than on the moon? Some of these towers are 4 miles high or higher. This is one of the reasons why I have theorized that there may be a signal emanating from the moon that is projecting a computer-simulated overlay into our perception of 3D reality.

If we were able to knock out this signal or somehow jam it, our reality would dramatically change as we would immediately gain a much greater experience of the higher states of reality, which are currently being hidden from us. So, what would it take to knock out this signal? Since it is most likely an electromagnetic signal, it would take something like a powerful coronal mass ejection from the sun in the direction of earth and its moon, which would temporarily knock out all existing electrical grids, including the one generating the signal from the moon. When the grid goes down, so would the veil, and we would finally get to experience the real world for the first time. Once that were to happen, there would be no turning back.

The powers that be, here on earth may be planning a partial disclosure, slowly releasing information in a drip-like fashion, but when this coronal mass

ejection occurs, and I believe it is only a matter of time before it does, everything will be revealed all at once. We, as a species, will undergo a tremendous global vibrational shift in our resonant frequency.

So, if my theory is correct, then who are these malevolent beings, keeping us in debt slavery, and how are they accomplishing this? These beings have probably been here long before the beginning of our recorded history. Some say they are the Anunnaki, the beings mentioned in Zecharia Sitchin's translations of the ancient Sumerian tablets, where it is claimed that they created humans as a slave species to mine gold for them. Others might say they are the Nephilim mentioned in the bible or the fallen angels described in the *Book of Enoch* . Whoever they are, you can be sure they do not have our best interests at heart and only intend to exploit us.

How could they be projecting this signal into our consciousness without us becoming aware of it? It would have to be coming in on a carrier wave shared by all. The Schumann Resonance Frequency, which is the vibrational heartbeat of the earth, normally operates at a frequency of 7.83 Hertz. Non-coincidentally, our human brain also resonates at that very same frequency, which is why we are so perfectly suited to living on this planet. The Schumann Resonance Frequency is our vibrational connection to the planet.

This would be the perfect place to 'piggy-back' a signal to alter our perception of reality and subtly control our thoughts and actions.

So, I feel that if we are truly living in a holographic computer simulation, then someone must have programmed it, and that implies that there is a significant potential for its abuse. Our perception of reality is probably not natural. It is likely to be contrived artificially by these malevolent beings and articulated by a massive computer system of artificial intelligence located somewhere within the confines of the internal structure of the moon.

Our moon is not a real moon. It is tidal-locked to the planet and doesn't rotate. Real moons don't do that. It has been theorized that the moon is hollow and has many levels inside, being staffed by probably millions of extraterrestrial beings. I am convinced that it is a giant laboratory, and we are the subject of their study. Earth is a human farm. We are cattle and we have been modified, downgraded, upgraded, and experimented on throughout our entire existence. Our DNA has been altered many times over thousands of years. Genetically modified hybrids might be a better way to describe us.

Archaeological science has discovered plenty of evidence that previous civilizations occupied the earth long before we ever got here, dating back to the

times of Atlantis and Lemuria. The historical timeline reveals us as newcomers. We are not native to this planet. We were seeded here. Extraterrestrial genetic engineers created us and we mistook them for Gods. Earth is not ours, and neither is the moon. We are someone's crop. I know I have made some very outrageous claims here, but I feel it needs to be said, even if it seems outrageous.

Of course, I cannot prove any of this. It's only a theory. Though perhaps someday, someone will. The evidence seems to be pointing in that direction. Some of these thoughts may resonate with you or you may think I'm crazy. You may have previously heard bits and pieces of these things from other sources, but, as far as I'm aware, no one has ever put it all together as I have here.

Chapter 11

Chimeras and Human Alien Hybrids

Somewhere around the year 1976, I wanted to experiment with some dry ice but had no idea where I could get some. I thought I might be able to acquire some from a laboratory, so I began searching through the Yellow Pages of my phone book. I phoned a few local labs and was unsuccessful, until someone told me of a laboratory near Brock University. I called the lab and asked if they used dry ice and if they might be able to spare some.

The woman on the other end of the line told me that they had some dry ice and that she might be able to spare a bit. I was thrilled at the prospect and asked where they were located. “It’s near Brock University,” she stated, “but it’s a separate facility.” She gave me directions to where it was located and how to get there. Upon arriving there, I was greeted by a young woman wearing a white lab coat.

She ushered me into a room and took me over to a cylindrical shaped vat which contained the dry ice. Noticing that I had not brought a container with me, she told me that she would get me a Styrofoam container to put it in. As she began walking away, I followed her into an area where there were a couple of young apprentices working with some lab equipment.

Entering the area, I noticed an open door where there was a fenced-in pen and some straw on the floor. I walked over to the door and looked inside curiously. To my surprise, there was a large animal inside the pen that I could not identify. The animal appeared to be a cross between a sheep and a goat. Never had I seen anything like it before.

“What is that?” I asked in my amazement. “It looks like a cross between a sheep and a goat.” Oh, I’m sorry, you weren’t supposed to see that!” She immediately walked over to the door and closed it. “It’s an experiment we’re working on here. I’m afraid I can’t tell you anything about it. She took me back to the vat, which contained the dry ice, filled the container, and handed it to me. Thanking her, I left the building.

Figure 13 This is a picture of the geep that I saw at a facility near Brock University where I went to obtain some dry ice. The picture was taken by Geoff Tompkinson (cropped by me) for an article entitled, 'The Birth of Half Human-Half Animal Chimeras.' The complete article can be found at https://keendomains.com/2017/01/10/birthofchimeras/

I was puzzled as to what I had just seen but was grateful to have found some dry ice. It wasn't until many years later that I discovered an article on the internet that explained everything. The woman may have been Janet Rossant, who currently works at the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto.

The article explained that she was one of the early pioneers of chimera research, who believed that this research would open up a full new understanding of biology. The animal I had seen was called a 'geep' and was, in fact, a cross between a sheep and a goat. There was a picture of it in the article. It was titled 'The Birth of Half-Human, Half-Animal Chimeras' by David Robson, a featured writer for BBC Future.'

Back in those days, there was a lot of opposition from the religious communities against stem cell research that would often claim scientists were trying to play 'God' by experimenting in these areas of science. So, experiments carried out in these fields were often kept under the radar. Probably that was the reason I wasn't supposed to see what I had seen.

The word 'chimera' originated in Greek mythology and was described by Homer to be an immortal creature with a lion's face, a goat's body, and the tail of a snake. However, the term can be applied to any creature which is a fusion of genetically distinct tissues. In other words, it is a hybrid creature, the result of a melding of two or more different species.

In Egypt, there are often pictures of beings with human bodies with the head of a bird or a fox. Did beings such as this roam the earth in ancient times? And what about the creatures of Greek mythology such as Centaurs that were half horse and half man, or the satyrs that were part goat and part man? It implies that this kind of experimentation may have been going on for thousands of years.

But what are our scientists doing with it today? It is hoped that we would be able to implant human stem cells in an animal embryo to grow human organs. This approach could theoretically provide a replacement for a diseased heart or liver. But, there still exist some ethical issues surrounding this field of science.

Janet Rossant was one of the first to succeed in the experiment. In 1980, she published a paper in the journal 'Science' announcing a chimera created from two species of mice. One of the parents was an albino laboratory mouse and the other a Ryukyu mouse, which is a wild species native to East Asia. Rossant's technique was a delicate operation at a critical stage of pregnancy, occurring around four days after mating has occurred. At this point, the fertilized egg has divided several times to create a small mass of cells, which is called the bioplast.

The bioplast contains an inner cell mass, which is surrounded by an outer protective layer called the trophoblast. This eventually forms the placenta.

Janet Rossant, working with William Frels, injected cells from the wild Asian mouse into the bioplast of the albino lab mouse, then implanted the cell mass back into the albino mother. This ensured that the placenta would match the mother's DNA to help the embryo embed in the uterus. After an 18 day wait, the birth occurred. It was discovered that 38 of the 48 resulting offspring were a blend of tissues from both species. So, that is one example of how a chimera is created.

Theoretically, alien-human hybrids can be created by injecting alien DNA into a human bioplast, or human DNA into an alien bioplast just as previously described with the mice in the work of Janet Rossant at the Brock University facility. There are several recorded cases of experiencers who claimed that they had seen rows upon rows of vats containing fetuses while onboard ET ships during abduction experiences. These could be alien-human hybrids, or perhaps clones.

In the biblical story of creation, Eve was supposedly created from one of Adam's ribs, or perhaps a sample of the DNA extracted from one of Adam's ribs. Possibly this is one of the first cases of cloning ever recorded. If scientists can do that, then it would be easy for them to alter the genetic code so the clone would be female rather than male. When Adam awoke from his sleep and saw Eve for the first time, he said, "This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh."

Or you might prefer to accept the Anunnaki version of the creation of human beings on earth from Zecharia Sitchin's work, which outlines how the Anunnaki injected their DNA into local primates already existing on earth to create a hybrid species of early man, intelligent enough to do the work of mining gold for them.

My belief is that we are all hybrids, having had our DNA upgraded and altered repeatedly throughout many generations of our existence over thousands of years. Perhaps this is the primary reason people are abducted by ETs. Possibly this has been going on for a very, very long time. Because of the memory wipe, we would, for the most part, be unaware that this is happening every day around the world and is a common facet of the alien agenda.

We are essentially a science experiment, watched and monitored without our knowledge. The memory wipe keeps the ETs from being discovered but is not fool-proof. Imagine the things we could do if we were able to raise our

vibration so that it resonates beyond the spectrum of visible light, no longer able to be perceived by the five senses. Or suppose that we could interact with people and then wipe their memory so they would never even remember we were there.

Beings that possess these abilities, or technologies, could feasibly conceal their existence from us indefinitely. It's the perfect vantage point from which to observe us without our being conscious of it, all the while controlling the path of our evolutionary development.

You have to wonder what their intention is. Do they have a moral or ethical code? Do they care about us, or are we farm animals to them? Do they consider us to be lesser beings than themselves? Are they despots who believe they are superior to us? Is our DNA a form of currency to them? Some of these questions can be very disturbing. What are they planning to do with us after they finish experimenting on us? What will they do if the general populace catches on to their activities?

The late Zecharia Sitchin wrote many books which he based on his interpretation of a cache of ancient Sumerian cuneiform clay tablets. Most of his books, many that I have personally read, refer to a group of beings known as the Anunnaki who came from a fiery volcanic planet called Nibiru. His interpretation of the tablets tells an alternative story of the creation of human beings. The Sumerian tablets refer to Nibiru as the twelfth planet in our solar system, which enters our solar system in an elliptical orbit every 3600 years.

The Anunnaki were very large in stature and were considered giants with elongated skulls. The Bible refers to them as the Nephilim or the fallen angels. Genesis tells the story of how the 'sons of God' came down to the earth and began to take the 'daughters of men' as wives. They came to earth looking for gold and found it in the region of South Africa. Gold was used to calm the hostile volcanic effects on their planet, (which I suspect was probably converted into its monoatomic form).

These Anunnaki had incredibly long-life spans, living for thousands of years and were thought to be immortal. As the story goes, they became dissatisfied with having to do the mining of the gold themselves, so they decided to use their advanced skills in genetic research to create a slave species of beings to do it for them. They took some of the local primates and infused their DNA into them to create a type of hybrid being. When this failed, one of their females volunteered to carry the embryos to term.

The first generation of hybrids was not very intelligent and couldn't speak. So, they experimented with the second generation of hybrids, which was more

intelligent and was able to speak. Eventually, their experiments managed to produce a primitive form of man, and they were able to establish colonies of them. They taught the hybrids how to mine the gold and to serve them in many ways. The hybrids worshipped them as Gods.

The Anunnaki ruled as kings for thousands of years. It is assumed the hybrids were the ancestors of modern man. The Bible account is quite vague regarding details about the creation of man. However, this period of our history was recorded in the *Books of Enoch* , which were once a part of the canon of scripture, but later were removed by the Nicene council, as were many other books known as *Apocrypha.* Emperor Constantine convened the Nicene Council in May of 328 A.D.

The Apocrypha is a collection of works, usually written, of unknown authorship or doubtful origin. Biblical Apocrypha is a set of additional texts included in the Latin Vulgate and Septuagint versions, but not in the Hebrew Bible. To get a better perspective of these beings considered to be the 'fallen angels,' I strongly recommend studying the *Books of Enoch* .

It might be disturbing to some religiously minded people to consider that we were created as a slave species by fallen angels. However, we must consider that the authors of the Bible did not know extraterrestrial beings. Because of their advanced technology, their larger stature, and knowledge of the heavens, early man considered them to be Gods or angels. However, they were not Gods but advanced extraterrestrial beings. According to the Bible, a mass extinction-level event, presumably the great flood, wiped out most of them and their offspring.

These Anunnaki did not have our best interests at heart. They may have created us according to the Sumerian tablets, but their purpose was to enslave us and doom us to a life of servitude. And we are still in debt slavery to this very day. Today, there are still hybrid breeding programs taking place between extraterrestrials and humans, but their motives for doing this are somewhat speculative. My feeling is that the hybrids are being created to populate new worlds after they have been terraformed and that our DNA possesses a unique characteristic intrinsic to their survival.

During my abduction with my band in 1971, I was told to look at some concentric circles of strobing light, which temporarily rendered me unconscious. What happened to me during that time? What did those beings do to me? What were those strange instruments that looked like surgical tools used for? Was I being implanted? Were they doing some operation on me? Were samples of my DNA taken to be used in their hybrid breeding program? Those answers may

never be found.

About a year ago, I discovered an amazing story that was made into a YouTube video. The video is entitled *Roswell Alien Interview – Area 51 Full transcript of Airl with notes by pbatusa* . Pbatusa is an acronym for P.B. Atusa. How Mr. Atusa acquired the video is unknown. The video is about 4¾ hours long but is worth the time to view because of the unique subject matter dealt with in the video. It consists of a series of alleged interviews between the late Matilda O'Donnell MacElroy and an alien being who purportedly survived a flying saucer crash at Roswell, New Mexico, on July 8th, 1947.

It is not my purpose to present a case for the credibility of the transcripts of this series of events. That is up to the reader to determine. However, the material presented in the video resonates as true in my opinion. My purpose for including it here is because the information gleaned from these interviews dovetails nicely with the research presented within this work, regarding genetic manipulation of various species to create chimeras and hybrids.

As the story goes, Ms. MacElroy sent a letter to an author known as Lawrence R. Spencer on September 14th, 2007, along with a package of documents. Mr. Spencer is the editor of the book *Alien Interview* , including transcripts, letters, and personal notes provided by the late Army Air Force Nurse, Matilda MacElroy concerning the Roswell UFO crash in 1947. The book can be purchased at the website https://alieninterview.org/

When the Roswell UFO crash occurred, MacElroy was taken to the site to assist, and a single being who had survived the crash apparently uninjured was taken into military custody. All other occupants of the craft were dead. MacElroy was the only one who was able to communicate (telepathically) with the being, who was short, petite in stature and about 40 inches tall. Her head was disproportionately large, relative to her arms, legs, and torso, which were thin. She had three fingers on each hand and three toes on each foot. The head had no operational nose, mouth, or ears. MacElroy understood the being to be female, although it didn't have any genitalia to indicate its gender.

The being's form did not have any internal organs and was more like a 'doll' or 'robot.' The eyes were quite large, and the being seemed to possess an acute sense of sight. The lenses of her eyes were very dark and opaque, and MacElroy suspected that they were able to detect waves or particles beyond the visible light spectrum. No oxygen, food, water, or any source of nutrition or energy was needed by the entity, as she was able to supply her own energy, which animated and operated the body.

MacElroy learned the being was not mechanical, or biological. She being claimed she was self-operated as a spiritual being and could not from a medical standpoint even be considered ‘alive.’ The ‘doll’ body was not a biological life form. It had smooth skin, which was grey. The being was highly tolerant of changes in temperature, atmospheric conditions, and pressure. Her limbs were very frail without musculature. Her body seemed to be ideally suited for use in space, where there is no gravity, with hands and feet being quite agile and flexible.

During the interviews, she learned that the being called herself Airl. Since Ms. MacElroy seemed to be the only one who could communicate with the being, she was assigned to spend time and communicate with her to gain information for military intelligence. Airl revealed that she was an officer, pilot, and engineer.

Airl offered information that was astounding. MacElroy essentially taught the being English and taught her to read, after which the being began to communicate telepathically in the English language. She gave Ms. MacElroy an amazing history lesson regarding our planet and how we got here and how we were made to serve a more developed species of beings which ruled the planet for thousands of years. She referred to these beings as the ‘ *Old Empire* ,’ which were at war with an opposing force to which she belonged, called the ‘ *Dominion* .’

I will not elaborate on this war, except to say that it is still going on. If you want more detail, please watch the video or read Mr. Spencer’s book. Airl explained that we are all immortal beings and that reincarnation is the norm for all who leave their biological body in death. She claims that we are captured as soon as we die and are subjected to forced amnesia and then sent back to earth in another physical body. Furthermore, she stated our reality is an illusion designed to distract us from achieving spiritual awareness and discovering the means to leave the earth and return ‘home.’ Apparently, none of us, referring to us as spiritual beings, originated on earth and we were all captured, subjected to the forced amnesia, and dropped off here by factions of the Old Empire.

Some who are now here in human bodies are her people. Attempts were made by the Dominion to locate them and rescue them, but they were not very successful. Much of what Airl related appeals to me as being true and seems to line up with my theory about the moon being a way station where souls are recycled and sent to earth. Once their memories are wiped, and they are sent to earth, they are forced into debt slavery and have little chance of escaping this

perpetual cycle.

We are supposedly taught false information about our existence here, as the Old Empire does not want us to remember who we are. A form of electrical shock is used to cause us to forget. The earth is a prison planet that is a dumping ground for misfits who don't fit in with existing societies in other worlds.

The part to focus on here is that Airl revealed there are many biological laboratory companies in space that specialize in producing different kinds of life forms. She stated that the evolution of species does not occur naturally and requires advanced technology to create various kinds of life forms to populate worlds. She claimed to be a biological engineer who worked with a large staff of technicians for a company called the Arcadia Regeneration Company.

Airl stated that allegedly it was their business to manufacture and supply new life forms to uninhabited planets and these life forms were cataloged throughout the galaxies. Besides that, the majority of basic genetic material is common to all species of life. Their work was concerned with manipulating alterations of the basic genetic patterns to produce variations of life forms that would be suitable as inhabitants for various planetary classes.

Airl avowed that their marketing staff negotiated contracts with various planetary governments and independent buyers from all over the universe. Buyers paid them to integrate their specimens with biological species created by other companies already living on planets. These technicians created specifically engineered animals compatible with the variations in climate, atmospheric and terrestrial density and chemical content, and the information was stored in large computer databases. Today, we call this the science of eugenics. They also produced industry trade shows and publications advertising their products.

Airl declared that all life forms on our planet, including plants, mammals, insects, birds, aquatic life, etc., were all created by companies like the Arcadia Regeneration Company. She proclaimed that one company was contracted to replenish the life forms on earth after a war in this region of the galaxy wiped out most of the life forms on earth about 70 million years ago. At any given time, there may be as many as 100 million species of life existing on earth, and they were all created at biotechnological companies located in space.

So much for Darwin's theory of evolution and the origin of the species. Airl admitted that one species rarely ever mutates into another without the intervention of intelligent beings performing genetic manipulation. So far, I have not used the word chimera to describe what Airl is referring to, but considering this information, it would appear that all life forms are chimeras. One of the

showcase creatures that would be an extensive feat of genetic engineering would be the platypus.

It has the body of a beaver, the bill of a duck, and is a self-replicating mammal that lays eggs. This creature would be considered an outstanding achievement of advanced eugenics. However, the crowning achievement in this field would be the creation of inhabitable bodies for souls to occupy, whether these bodies are biological, as is the human form, reptilian, insectoid, aquatic, or non-biological like the ‘doll’ that Airl was occupying.

If none of us have originated on this planet and we were all brought here from somewhere else, then we may have lived many incarnations on other planets as other non-human intelligent life forms. For this reason, I will always resist any attempts to erase my memory. It makes sense that in every one of us, there is a part of us trying desperately to remember who we are, even if we aren’t consciously aware of it. None of us wants to remain in debt slavery here on this planet. Somewhere out there, we have another family and a place we once called home.

Chapter 12

Co-creating Our Reality

Once, I was asked, “Do you think experiencers are different from other people, or that all humans have had contact but don’t usually remember?” I believe there are a huge number of people who are experiencers but don't know it or haven't figured it out yet. I also believe that many are alien-human hybrids, or are genetically modified, and are unaware of that as well. Who knows what the statistics are regarding that?

Certain types of people seem to be more prone to be abducted or contacted than others. Perhaps because it is generational. It may have something to do with certain bloodlines. There seems to be a propensity toward right-brained thinkers. They tend to be musicians, artists, creative writers, etc. These creative types have the freedom to present profound messages and controversial ideas in their works and get away with it under the guise of artistic license. It is then up to the observer to determine whether or not the artist’s work appeals to them, since it is created to initiate an emotional response. It can also be a medium for disclosure. This I know because I am an artist, musician, and songwriter.

Supposedly, many of us agree to have these extraterrestrial experiences before we are born. So, reincarnation plays a major role in all of this. ET beings can also take the form of spiritual guides who may remain with us through many lifetimes. Sometimes they can also be our muses and our sources of inspiration and creativity.

There are innumerably vast numbers of interdimensional beings who exist in higher vibrational planes of reality. These planes are every bit as real as our own. With our five senses, we are only able to perceive a tiny portion of the entire spectrum. As the frequency rises to the point where we are unable to perceive anything anymore, there is what I refer to as the veil. You may also think of it as a kind of filter. Anything that vibrates at a higher rate than what the limitations of our senses can perceive is prevented from passing through this filter, or veil.

However, there is an entire realm existing on the other side of that veil. We can’t see it. Some people who possess a high enough degree of psychic ability may be able to perceive a bit more than most of us can. Certain animals are also

able to see a bit more as well because their physiology is different and, in some cases, superior to ours. A hawk, for instance, can spot a mouse hiding in a field of grass from an extreme height in the air.

Our senses are limited by our physical bodies. But just because we can't see or hear something doesn't mean it's not there. Ghosts, for instance, are people existing in a higher state of reality who we are normally unable to see. They are souls who continue to exist but without the limitations of a physical body. Their form or type of body is less dense than our physical bodies are.

Quantum physics tells us that the world around us is not solid. It may appear to be solid, but it is 99.999999 percent space. The molecules that make up our physical bodies are separated by space. Theoretically, if we could move them closer together while keeping the same number of molecules, we would shrink in physical size, but we would become denser in mass. If we wanted to maintain the same physical size, but achieve the same density, we would need to add more molecules.

Using reverse logic, if we wanted to become the same density as a ghost, we would need to create more space between our molecules. But then we would become much larger in proportion to the space we would be adding. And if we wanted to stay the same size, but become less dense, we would have to shed a lot of molecules. This is how we can raise or lower our vibration. The closer our molecules are together, the lower our vibration is. The farther apart, they are, the higher our vibration is.

Potentially this is what happens when we die. We are shedding a huge number of molecules in the form of our physical body passing away. But we can hold onto enough residual molecules to maintain a much lighter form of the physical body that we might refer to as the Astral Body. We keep the same energy and consciousness that we had while in the physical body, but the astral body is far less dense than the physical body and vibrates at a much higher frequency. It exists in the frequency range beyond what we would normally be able to perceive with our physical five senses.

This raises a lot of questions. How is it that we can keep some molecules to construct an astral body? Arguably, the astral body may have been there all along. In fact, within our physical body, we may hold many bodies, each one lighter in density than the one below it. Above the astral body, there is the causal body and above that is the mental body. Above that is the soul and so on.

The best way to explain it is that we are like those wooden Russian Dolls. When you open one, there is a smaller one inside, and a smaller one inside that

one, and so on. Each of these bodies within us corresponds to a chakra. The chakras are portals, like stargates, connecting us to other realms of density. These realms can be accessed by tuning our vibrational frequencies to them. Each chakra has a unique vibrational frequency or musical tone at which it vibrates, and each one also has a color associated with it.

Some Eastern teachings tell us that we have 108 chakras, but for this work, we will discuss only the seven most commonly known ones. It is taught that the chakras are energy centers that exist within our bodies. They are situated at various points along our spinal column, and they are spinning at different rates of speed. Some people picture them as discs, but I believe they are more toroidal in shape. Each one generates an energy field around it, in the form of an energy grid. All 7 of these grids are layered and integrated upon one another like onion skins.

Each one is held together by its unique vibrational frequency, which separates it from the others, creating a kind of veil between them similar to the way oils of different viscosities separate from one other. Every one of them has a form of consciousness tuned to the frequency of the corresponding realm with which it connects. Consciousness is the root of our being. We know we experience different states of consciousness, such as beta, alpha, theta, gamma, etc. Each of these states of consciousness corresponds with one, or more, of these chakras or bodies within us. Some of their colors may show up in our auras.

Auras are a visual indication of how spiritually advanced a person may be and what chakras are dominant sources of influence in their life. Chakras are the densities of reality they are preferentially aligned with, and depending on how empathically sensitive an individual is, they may get downloads of information coming from beings who populate these other realms or densities. When an individual eventually reaches the certain point in their spiritual development, they may experience kundalini rising, or they may ascend to a higher state of consciousness in the vast spectrum of infinite intelligence.

Unfortunately, most people don’t reach this level of spiritual progress, but there have been a few who have actively sought to progress even further and achieve Rainbow Body. When this occurs, an individual goes through a kind of transformation, in which all the chakras connect in a way that the whole becomes something far greater than the sum of its parts.

A quickening or catalytic cascade effect takes place in which the chakras light up, and this becomes manifest in the aura as it radiates all the colors of the

rainbow around the 3D body. In this state, an individual becomes an ascended master, a true multidimensional being capable of moving from one density to another. The chakras, which are stargates to other realms, become unlocked, giving the experiencer access to them.

Each of our spiritual bodies is endowed with a form of our consciousness and is connected to a particular density of reality. These other realms exist all around us and are populated by millions of beings. Although our attention is primarily on the physical realm, there are deeper levels of our consciousness where we are simultaneously living but are unaware of in the physical world. There is a body for each of them. We are multidimensional beings. But there is a big difference between knowing this and consciously experiencing it.

In other words, we are continuously communicating and transacting with other beings in other realms of existence at all times. In our physical body, we are like a radio tuned to one particular station. There is a broad spectrum of stations from which we are receiving signals, but we can only hear the one that we are tuned to. All others are filtered out. Our existence in 3D physical reality is very much like that. When we go to sleep, we change the station. Our consciousness moves into the 4 th density realm. This is the astral plane. Our astral body becomes activated and separates from the physical body, and we experience dreaming.

We cross the threshold of the veil that separates 3rd density reality from 4th density and are then in our astral body in a higher plane of existence. The 4th density dream world operates with a different set of laws than our physical reality does. Gravity is not nearly as strong a force as it is in the physical world, so we discover that we can do things in dreams that we could never do in the physical 3rd density realm, such as fly like Superman, or jump up to the tops of buildings and gently float down to the ground without injury. Since the astral body is less dense than the physical, we can even walk through walls or put our hands through solid objects.

At times, we can even wake up in the dream and take control of it. We become conscious in this 4th density dream world. This is called lucid dreaming. When we take control of the dream and continue to stay in it, we can travel to various destinations simply by thinking about being there. We can visit people and communicate with them. It is unlikely that they will remember it, if you were to ask them about it the next morning, but I believe that it is because you are communicating with their astral form, even if it is still inside their physical body at the time. We communicate on many different levels. Whether they retain

the memory, or not, depends on how much of the memory they can carry across the veil. If you're lucky, they might remember dreaming about you.

An astral body is made up of far fewer molecules than the physical body. Through conscious intent, we can raise or lower the frequency of the astral body by shedding or accumulating molecules. If we are in the astral body, we can, by intention, attract more molecules to become denser and thereby become visible to someone in the physical body, especially if they are in a meditative state and are raising their vibration. But, how do we acquire those molecules, and where do they go when we release them?

Quantum Physics has the answer. At the deepest level of our being, we are all made of the same energy, energy existing in an ocean of infinite potential. We are waves of possibility, and waves cannot be separated. So, we are entangled. There is no way to tell where you would end and where I would begin. This energy is in a constant state of flux. It is source. It is a vast field of infinite possibility continuously moving unfettered, without any borders. It is omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent. It is essentially God. That is the core of our being, and it is conscious. Spanning from the highest to the lowest of the vibrational spectrum, it is the creator. That is what we truly are part of.

We are multi-level beings living in many different realms simultaneously, and we have a body, or form, for each of them. Although we may not be able to see into these realms from our physical perspective, we feel the effects of their influence whenever we experience an emotion, think a thought, dream a dream, make a decision, use our imagination, or get an idea. We have a body on each of those realms that allow us to interface with it.

Tuned to the physical 3D realm, we are multi-dimensionally participating and collecting information from all those other realms at the same time. You might wonder how that is possible. It is because we are actively participating in the creative energy that permeates these realms and experiences them through us as individuals. In other words, we are one with the creator in each of those interdimensional realms, just as we are here. Each time we graduate or ascend to the next level, we are getting closer and closer to returning home to source. This process continues until, eventually, we become fully reintegrated with one infinite creator.

Quantum physics has revealed that what we perceive as our reality is not real at all. This science of quantum mechanics claims there is no ' *out there* ' out there. There is evidence that what we perceive as reality is a holographic simulation or projection that behaves like a sea of infinite potential when not

observed. It is the act of observation that causes the wave function to collapse, and what we perceive as the material world becomes manifest. However, we only perceive a tiny sliver of the full scope of what is, with our 5 senses.

What we think of as reality is just a sea of infinite potential that our senses observe, decode, and interpret as our 'reality.' Because we are all connected, we draw upon each other's subconscious projections and blend them with our own, co-creating a matrix of perceptions we think is our reality. At the root of it is consciousness. We all share a collective consciousness, which is like a huge neural network that is continually exchanging information and ideas with others with whom we are connected from the microcosm to the macrocosm. At this deep super-conscious level, we stand at the event horizon of this infinite collective and interactive hive mind.

As an example, suppose that there were 500 fine artists, and they were given a gigantic blank canvas that spanned for a city block and all the various colors of paint they would need. Then they were told to paint their impressions of reality with all the other artists as one big mural until the canvas was filled. In a sense, that is exactly how we are co-creating our reality. Each of us contributes our part to this vast work while validating all the other parts as accepted parts of the whole.

Beyond the veil is the realm of imagination and ideas, and it is alive. It is populated by many different life forms of every variety and at every level of complexity, and we are connected to them all. Earth itself is a living being. Everything has consciousness in some form or another. The view that everything has some form of consciousness is known as panpsychism.

So, who is the creator? We are. It is the underlying spirit manifested within all of us and within everything that was, and is, and is to come. We may feel that we are separate beings, but in reality, there is only one of us here - a living matrix of frequencies and vibrational energy. Sometimes we are particulate, and sometimes we are standing waves of infinite potential. This has been the source of inspiration for many great artists, musicians, poets, inventors, philosophers, dreamers, psychics and intuitive empaths who have tapped into it for millennia.

Grant Cameron, a well-known UFO researcher once asked me if the beings ever gave me any message about our future as a species. Although I don't consciously recall them telling me anything like this, it is probable that they placed a download of information into my subconscious mind when I was alone with the leader after the van incident. Unable to recall what the message was when I regained consciousness in the restaurant parking lot, I was told that I

would remember it when the time was right.

That time is now. The message that was given to me is currently unfolding. There is an event soon to take place, which will change our reality forever. It is spoken of in many ancient writings from cultures all over the world. We might call it the ‘ascension.’ The bible calls it the ‘harvest.’ Christians call it the ‘rapture.’ I won’t get into the details of what this event entails at this time, but for now, let me say that when this event occurs, the veil over our conscious minds will be lifted and the illusion of separation that we now experience, will diminish, and we will experience our harmonious oneness with all of creation.

There is a huge difference between knowing something on an intellectual level and experiencing it. We will regain our celestial memories and fully know who we are. Essentially, we are all one being exploring itself through us as individuals. You can call this being God, the Universe, the source, infinite intelligence, the implicate order, or whatever you wish.

It doesn’t matter what religion you are, or what political affiliation, whether you are a believer or an atheist, it doesn’t change the fact that we are all one, transcending time and space. We are one with the souls of the living, with the souls of the dead, with the animals, with the plants, with the insects, with the earth, with the solar system, with the extraterrestrials, with the inter-dimensional beings and ultimately, with the entire universe.

As soon as we accept that we are all one, unconditional love becomes the only thing that matters. Cruelty, war, prejudice toward others, none of that makes any sense from this higher perspective, because when you harm others, you are harming yourself. This is the message the ETs are trying to get across to us. They overcame this obstacle long ago. When the ascension event occurs, and the veil is lifted, everyone will experience this, and then it will be time for us to reintegrate with our star families and take our place as a species in the universal cosmic spectrum of reality.

Since embracing the concept of unity consciousness, my understanding of God increased exponentially. There is no longer a need to assign a name to God. As soon as you assign a name to God, he is perceived as being something separate from you. A name personifies God and consequently implies an ego, and God has no ego. So, I no longer personify him. It is an error even to refer to him in the male vernacular, as I believe he is androgynous. Unfortunately, the English language has failed me, as there is no appropriate word to refer to God in the androgynous sense, so I refer to God as him, for lack of a more suitable gender encompassing term.

There is a quote from Soren Kierkegaard that explains what I am trying to say. It goes like this. *"If you name me, you negate me. By giving me a name, a label, you negate all the other things I could be. You lock the particle into being a thing by pinning it down, naming it."* This is why I no longer choose to give God a name. There is no separation between us. The creator is not separate from the creation.

My point is that when you assign God a name or a gender, your attempt to define him negates other possibilities. To me, God is omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent. He is the root consciousness that prevails throughout all creation. The aboriginal people refer to God as 'the Great Spirit,' which is at least, non-gender specific.

At the very root of our being is consciousness, and it is sentient. That is where God is within every one of us. So, we are all facets of the one God, just as a diamond may have individual facets, but it is still one diamond. We are one, in a sea of infinite possibilities, both particle and wave simultaneously. We are all one in the one that is all.

Chapter 13

The Decision to Go Public

I had held onto my story since it was first investigated and released in the CUFORN Bulletin in 1982. In the summer of 2016, there was an event in Brantford, Ontario called ‘The Alien Cosmic Expo.’ It was a three-day-long event. I had attended it the previous year and enjoyed it very much. There, it felt like I was in my element.

It was a large event. There were many vendors, speakers, and workshops taking place over the weekend. Some of the speakers were well-known investigators in the field of ‘Ufology.’ Stanton Friedman was going to be there, along with Paul Hellyer, Canada’s former Defense Minister, and also Grant Cameron and others.

However, in the previous year, I had attended it as an observer and only for one of the days. But 2016 was different. I was considering the possibility of being a participant this time. On the first day of the event, Friday, there was something called *The Experiencer’s Group* . It provided an opportunity for people who had had sightings or contact with extra-terrestrials to go up on a platform and describe their experiences to the attendees of the event.

The year 2016 was a very difficult year for me. I had been working for a local business drafting *skylights* . Finding people who had the necessary skills to do this kind of drafting was not easy, so my position there seemed relatively secure. However, about a year after I was with them, their business tapered off, and they decided that they would have to lay me off as they could no longer afford to pay me the wages originally agreed upon. I was the low man on the totem pole.

So, they presented me with an ultimatum. Either they let me go, or I continue to work for them on a contract basis. The terms were troubling. They would give me a budget figure for the engineering portion of each job assigned to me, and I would have to complete the job for the budgeted amount they specified. If it took longer to do the job, due to unforeseen circumstances, then I would have to absorb those extra costs. It was an unfair deal right from the start, but since it would pay me more than employment insurance, I decided to bite the bullet and accept the deal. So, I started a small drafting business under my name,

and they were my only client.

I continued to work for them under these terms for a couple of years. Soon, the engineering budget allotted for each of the jobs started to recede. In addition to these terms, they decided that if I had done a similar job to the one, I was currently working on, that would give me the advantage of doing the job faster. That was being taken into consideration when determining the available budget and it was much lower than I would normally get if I did the job from scratch. To make matters worse, the company then decided that the fee for a licensed Engineer to approve and stamp the drawings for construction would also be deducted from the engineering budget figure. That alone ate up a large amount of my profit margin. So, I was getting ripped off severely.

I had mortgage payments, utility bills, property taxes, and vehicle expenses to pay. So, I started to run up a line of credit and began falling into debt. I tried to find some other clients but was unsuccessful. Although I was working long hours to try to get the jobs done as quickly as possible, I was losing the battle since I lived by myself, and there was no second income to help with the expenses. After maxing out my credit limit, I decided there was only one alternative. I would have to sell my house and move into an apartment.

It grieved me to have to do this, but there was no alternative. So, I put the house up for sale and began looking for an apartment. The house sold fairly quickly, but then I had to decide what to do with all my belongings. I had lived in that house for twenty-five years and had accumulated a huge number of belongings. I wanted to rent an apartment a month in advance of my closing date to give myself enough time to dispose of most of my belongings.

Also, the Alien Cosmic Expo was going to be right around the time of the closing date for the sale of my house. So, if I was going to go to it, I had to really hustle to get rid of a lot of things before the closing date and also look for an apartment. It was extremely stressful. It would be necessary to take some time off my working schedule to allow for the move and pay people to help me. By selling my things on Kijiji I suffered substantial losses regarding the value of the things I sold.

I had a 30-foot recreational trailer at a nearby park called Shangri La, where I spent the last four summer camping seasons. My cat came with me every year. I called it my ‘ *happy place* .’ My trailer was over twenty years old, but it was in good shape and had no leaks. However, everyone around my site was buying newer trailers to comply with a new rule that the park had adopted. All new trailers coming in had to be ten years old or under. So, this was going to be my

last season with this trailer.

Since the trailer was too old to sell, I reluctantly decided to retire it to the junkyard. Now, I was losing my house and my trailer, and as if that weren't enough, I discovered that my cat had cancer and had to be put down. He was the best cat I ever had and was my constant companion as I lived alone. It broke my heart to have to put him down, but he was beginning to have seizures and was in a lot of pain. I couldn't bear to see him suffer.

I had looked at a lot of apartments, and there was only one single-bedroom apartment that I liked. The rest were all terrible and had problems with leaks and mold. It appeared hopeless, but finally, I got a call from the landlord of the one that I liked, and he had decided to let me rent it. For an entire month, I was selling off my things. I was going from a three-bedroom house with a shed and a full basement to a one-bedroom apartment with a small balcony, in a low-rise secure brick building.

The apartment was secured a month before the closing date. I worked on moving my things every day and gave a lot of my stuff away to Value Village and the Goodwill Store. I paid people to help me move but worked along with them each day. It was hard, physical labor and I wasn't young anymore. I was 61. I had a little utility trailer that helped with the small stuff, and a moving company moved all the furniture.

It was very exhausting, and I ached all over but kept pushing myself to get it done. I was definitely going to the Alien Cosmic Expo and had already booked a room at the hotel hosting it. I was looking forward to it to finally get some rest from all the moving work and do something fun. If I got the opportunity to go on stage at the Experiencer's Group, I would do it. It turned out that I needed the two days I was planning to attend it to finish moving, but I was determined not to do that. I would get everything I could take with me out of the house, and whatever was left, would be left behind.

So, that's what happened. My feet were killing me after going non-stop for a whole month moving stuff. I got most of the stuff out, and the things I had left behind were not exactly junk. They were useful items that the new owner, a young single woman, could probably use. The sale of the house was set to close on Sunday, and I left for the Alien Cosmic Expo on Friday. I had dressed a little nicer than my usual summer shorts and t-shirt, in case the opportunity arose to speak at the Experiencer's Group.

My left big toe was in a lot of pain. Arriving at the hotel, I checked into my room, had a quick shower, and then went down to enjoy the events. I'd earned it

after all the trouble of the past month. I entered a large room with rows of chairs and a small stage area at the front of the room. There must have been around two hundred people in that room. I took a seat in the front row near the stage. I had brought a small briefcase with me that held copies of the journals that my case had been published in and some pictures taken in Manhattan when visiting Budd Hopkins.

Then, I began to question what I was doing. Here I was, about to go public with my alien encounters using my real name for the very first time. Public speaking terrified me. I had spoken at a church a couple of times years before and remembered how frightening it was. Was I going to do this? Dr. Sasha Lessin and his wife Janet Lessin had given the opening remarks and then turned the microphone over to whoever wanted to go up and talk about their experiences. A couple of people went up and briefly described their experiences, but they were nothing like mine. Then, as I was still trying to decide, my feet were already leading me up to the platform.

Taking the wireless microphone, I got up on the stage. I was very nervous, but then as soon as I began to speak, it was like a calmness suddenly fell upon me, while looking out at the audience. A small inner voice was telling me I was exactly where I was supposed to be and everything was going to be fine. It seemed as though I was fulfilling some part of a secret agreement made with myself that if I had managed to get this far, it would all work out. First, I introduced myself and explained my contact with Budd Hopkins. Then I launched into my recollections of the Van Incident when my band was abducted. Halfway through my story, I had to cut it short as we needed to break for lunch.

During the lunch break, many people approached me and wanted to hear the rest of my story. One of them was Grant Cameron, a popular UFO researcher from Winnipeg, Manitoba and author of the book *Charlie Red Star* . At the time, I wasn't familiar with him. He told me that he knew my story, which I found very unusual since it had been published in 1983, almost 33 years earlier. Apparently, he had been trying to track me down, as he was doing some research on musicians who had been abducted. He had contacted Larry Fenwick from CUFORN, but Larry refused to give him my name, as I had chosen to remain anonymous.

And so, it was kind of a synchronicity that Grant would be in the room at the same time that I first decided to go public with my story. I didn't know then that Grant would become a good friend and also become part of my story. He has since interviewed me a few times, and my case is featured in his new book,

Tuned In – The Paranormal World of Music.

It had taken me over 45 years to decide to go public with my story. One question that people often ask is, “Why did you choose to go public with your story after so many years?” My answer was that we are currently at the threshold of a golden age of enlightenment. People are waking up and becoming more aware of the illusion we think of as reality. They are tired of all the lies and disinformation we have been told. They want the truth and they want disclosure.

Gandhi once said, “Be the change you want to see in the world.” And so that became my meme. If I wanted to see disclosure in the world, then it is logical that I would need to disclose my story. If I could, by telling the truth about my experiences, encourage others to come forward and reveal their stories, then it would help to bring about the disclosure we are all looking for.

If enough people come forward, we will eventually reach critical mass, and change will occur. In the words of Albert Einstein, "Everything is energy, and that’s all there is to it. Match the frequency of the reality you want, and you cannot help but get that reality. It can be no other way. This is not philosophy. This is physics".

We may look at what’s happening in the world around us and feel a sense of hopelessness. People are growing increasingly aware that there is so much suffering going on, and we are destroying our planet. It doesn’t take a genius to see that things cannot continue as they are. The current system is not sustainable. If we haven’t crossed the point of no return yet, we will shortly. We are on a course for the extinction of the entire human race on earth. A major paradigm shift is required to get us off this path of destruction.

I began to think, “If I don’t disclose my story now, then when?” It’s not so much about disclosure as it is about raising people’s awareness. We must realize that we are all a part of something far greater than we can imagine. We are co-creators, powerful beings, far more powerful than we give ourselves credit for. We are immortal. Death is an illusion. Even if our physical bodies cease to exist, our consciousness still survives. When we transcend the veil, all our memories of other lifetimes we’ve experienced return to us.

So, while we are here, it is incumbent upon us to do whatever we can to help other souls awaken, so as many as possible can graduate to the next level of human evolution with love and compassion for all. Whether we use that knowledge here on the 3D earth plane or ascend to the higher planes, knowledge is never wasted. Whatever happens, we need to be prepared for it . *“Nothing is more powerful than an idea whose time has come.”* - Victor Hugo.

After the lunch break, we reassembled in the large hall where the Experiencer's meeting was taking place. My big toe was hurting so bad I had to take my shoes off. I considered myself very fortunate to get a second opportunity to finish my story. So, I went up with only my socks on my feet, then spent the next day attending workshops and talking to many interesting vendors at their tables. Afterward, I journeyed home.

The next morning, I made an emergency visit to see my doctor, and he took a look at my toe. A massive blister on it had burst, and the toe had become infected. My doctor was surprised at how bad it was. “You have diabetes!” He scolded me. “You’re supposed to look after your feet. You could lose your toe!” He then immediately sent me to the ‘Wound Clinic’ where I was put on a course of strong antibiotics, and the toe was wrapped in a bandage. I was told not to get it wet. It was necessary to go back every three days to have the bandages changed, but as luck would have it, the toe eventually healed.

The following day, a nasty letter arrived from the purchaser’s lawyer regarding the sale of my house. He said that I needed to do something about the stuff left behind at the house, and he scolded me for not giving the vendor the key to the shed. There was a brand new central air conditioner in the shed, still in the crate, which I had bought intending to have it installed that summer, but there was no room for it at my apartment, so I left it to the purchaser, although it was never included in the agreement of purchase and sale. I had told the purchaser that I was going away for the weekend and would bring her the key to the shed when I returned, and she was okay with that. Her lawyer wasn’t.

So, I went over to give her the key and get my bike out of the shed. When I got there, she was quite irate with me and complained about the things left behind. She had some things of her own to throw out and wasn’t interested in the problem with my toe, so I finally agreed to split the cost of a dumpster with her so she could throw out the rest of the stuff she didn’t want to keep.

And so, I finally completed the move into my apartment and was feeling exhausted and financially and emotionally drained, but glad it was over. I had lost my house, over half of my belongings, my trailer, and my cat all in one month. But I didn’t lose my toe. Shortly after all this, I managed to find a good drafting job in Niagara Falls, designing high-end kitchens and cabinetry. I was glad to be back to work.

I then began to wonder if there was a connection between all the bad luck that month and the fact that I had opened up my UFO case again and gone public. Memories returned of all the bad luck the hypnotist and the investigators

at CUFORN and I had experienced when they were researching my case. If there was some insidious dark ‘force’ trying to prevent me from exposing my case to the public, they had failed despite all their efforts.

I went on to attend the Alien Cosmic Expo every year after that, and each time, I would attend the Experiencer’s Workshop and speak publicly about my case. But I usually never got to finish my story before I would have to leave the stage as my encounters were quite lengthy. In 2017, I had the pleasure of meeting an experiencer from New Zealand named Suzy Hansen. After relating one of my experiences to the audience at the Experiencer’s Workshop regarding the abduction of my band I felt a tap on my shoulder.

Once again, the permissible amount of time needed to finish my story. I turned around to see the organizer of the expo and Suzy Hansen standing behind me. Suzy was to be the next speaker as the Experiencer’s Workshop was ending. Suzy stopped me as I was about to leave the stage. She told the audience how glad she was that I had spoken about a device used on me during the abduction of my band, referring to the laser device the being used on me to look beneath my skin. She told the audience she had seen this device herself being used in one of her experiences.

She was happy I was able to corroborate for her that this device existed. I was also pleasantly surprised that someone else had seen the device used on me. Returning to my seat I watched as Suzy did her PowerPoint presentation complete with artistic illustrations her husband had prepared, based on her testimony. He did an amazing job with the illustrations, and Suzy’s descriptions of her experiences with the greys made the presentation one of the best I’d ever seen.

Afterward, I went to her table to buy a copy of her book, *The Dual Soul Connection* – The Alien Agenda for Human Advancement, with commentary by Dr. Rudy Schild. She was signing the book for people who were purchasing copies and had sold quite a few. Seeing that she was occupied, I thought it best to come back later, but she stopped me and said, “Don’t go away, I’d like to talk with you.” So, I waited until the crowd tapered off.

When we finally had a chance to talk, she said, “I would like to ask a favor of you. Would you agree to allow me to do a short video of you describing your experience where the being used the device on you that revealed the veins and muscles and bones in your arm? If you would agree, I’d be happy to give you an autographed copy of my book for free.” Happily, I agreed. She would like to use the video as part of her presentation when she speaks at various UFO

conventions, to which I also agreed.

I met up with her the following day and took her to a quiet lounge area in the hotel where she could shoot the video of me relating that part of my story. Afterward, she gave me a copy of her book as promised, which I was grateful to receive. We have since remained in touch through social media. I made several good friends that weekend. It felt so good to be around others like myself, who had experienced ET visitations. They quickly became my tribe.

Many of my friends and family on the home front began to regard me as a kook, or a person who had gone over the bend. But I don't think any of them believed I was lying. They had always known me as an honest man, who was not given to making up lies and I also was not an attention seeker, although always grateful for the attention that my art and musical performances received.

But I had kept my ET experiences hidden for over 45 years. They didn't seem to consider the fact that I am still the same person I've always been before I revealed my story. If I had gone crazy, then why hadn't they noticed it before and why wasn't it manifesting in other areas of my life? I had stopped questioning my sanity many years ago. These experiences were and always have been very real to me, and certainly, I am not alone. Many others have had similar experiences.

Another person I met at the Alien Cosmic Expo was Mitch Fillion. He is a filmmaker who has done many demo videos to promote bands and several interviews with UFO experiencers, which he has posted on YouTube. He calls his company 'Near Death Experiment.' Mitch wanted to do a video of me and arranged to come to my apartment in St. Catharines, where he filmed me speaking about my experiences for over 2 hours. After editing the footage, he created a 3-part video he published on YouTube.

When he released the videos, we were shocked by the fact they went viral almost immediately. Part 1 was about 51 minutes long and currently has over 2.2 million views. Parts 2 and 3 were shorter and didn't do quite as well, but still had a significant number of views. I was blown away by the number of interested people. Hundreds of emails started pouring in and friend requests from people on social media. Most of them wanted to tell me their stories and experiences. This led to many subsequent YouTube interviews.

Grant Cameron did at least three with me after I became friends with him, and my case was featured in his book , *Tuned In – The Paranormal World of Music* . My case has been featured in other books in the past, but this was the first time my real name had been revealed. His help and encouragement in

getting my story out there is greatly appreciated.

The following year I received a short video from a friend of mine in Guelph, Ontario, who is a fairly well-known researcher of the paranormal, Wanda Hewer – Jackson. Wanda knew my story and had spotted a video advertisement for a new medical device that has recently been introduced to the market. It was called a vein scanner. The hand-held device, when aimed at your arm, apparently picks up the heat signature from the veins in your arm and projects a green image of light onto the skin that overlays exactly where the veins are located beneath the skin.

The device is being used to help hospital staff members locate the veins in your arm, thereby eliminating having to blindly search for them when a patient requires an injection or intravenous installation. While watching the video ad, I was surprised to see how this 'vein scanner' so closely resembled the device the ET being had used on me over 45 years earlier! The only difference was that the one the being used on me was not only able to show where the veins were but also the muscle tissue and skeletal structure as well. But this was the first time I had seen anything like it since my 1971 experience.

I was so excited that I immediately sent a copy of the Vein Scanner video to Suzy Hansen and Grant Cameron. Grant, having heard my story more than a couple of times, immediately understood its significance. He followed up with a Skype interview with both me and Suzy Hansen regarding this discovery. It was also released on YouTube. I was beginning to become fairly well known in UFO circles. The emails and friend requests kept showing up in my inbox every day, but there was someone else who was following my videos who I was shocked to discover...someone from my past who I never dreamed would be watching until being contacted by him.

Chapter 14

The Return of the Hitch-hiker

In July of 2018, a breakthrough in my case occurred. It was through social media by a man I will call Alexander. He had a Facebook profile page with no picture, no timeline, no friends list, and no information whatsoever, except for his name. He had watched my video where I described the abduction of some members of my band, including myself and a hitch-hiker, who we had agreed to give a ride home to St. Catharines. What surprised me was that this man claimed he was the hitch-hiker we picked up at the party where we played. He has requested to remain anonymous for the time being, so I have given him the pseudonym Alexander. Here are some excerpts from our conversation.

AL : Hi, Steve, I saw your interview on YouTube about the E.Ts picking you up in a van with friends. Now, I’m not a guy who likes to waste my time or anyone else's time. I had an experience like that around that time that was extremely similar. I asked for a ride by nice strangers, I was 19 years old, and my hair was past shoulder length. Maybe it was you guys or perhaps not. The snare drum part is when I stood up from my chair.

Jul 29th, 6:20 pm

Steve : Yes. I would like to hear your story.

Jul 30th, 5:04 pm

AL : My story was that I needed a ride back to St. Catharines, so a guy approached and said he was going there and would take me. He asked if I drank a lot, and I said, possibly. He said reluctantly, “Okay.” We got into a van, and I sat on the floor, a girl was to my right and two guys in seats behind the driver. I talked to the girl as we drove, and the driver kept looking back at us, so I asked the girl, “Are you dating him?” and she said, “Yes, but I like the guy in the seat behind him more.”

(**Author’s comment** : The driver was a bit concerned that the hitch-hiker had had a few drinks at the party and that he might be a bit drunk. The guy sitting behind the driver was me, and when he mentioned this, I remembered Anne-Marie making that comment. I was a little surprised by it.)

AL : I laughed as did the guy, and her. The driver must have heard because he was MAD. He seemed irritated at me (I was obnoxious), so I talked to the guy who had a bag of flutes or recorders next to me. He said, “Be careful, those are mine.” I asked him, “What kind of music do you play with these recorders?”

(**Author’s comment** : As Alexander was explaining the story from his perspective, I was remembering some of the details he was providing, such as the driver being angry at him, his conversation with Anne-Marie, and the fact that he was a bit obnoxious. I had not previously mentioned any of these details in my videos, as I didn’t recall them until he began telling me. The evidence was sufficient to convince me that he was, in fact, the hitch-hiker we took with us from the party.)

AL : The driver then says, “Look at this, you guys,” as we had stopped. I was quiet. Our visitors walked around to the back of the van. I looked out slowly, and then I was asked clearly to “Open the door, please,” so I did. One of them came in and asked me to come out, so I went. The other few followed. I saw the snare stand leg next to his foot as he looked down for a spot for his foot, I then slid the stand leg next to our friend’s foot to see if he would knock it over, and he did.

(**Author's comment** : His motives are unclear as to why he moved the snare drum stand so that the being would knock it over. But his action here is consistent with the fact that he admitted that he had had a few drinks and was being obnoxious.)

AL : The driver saw me do this and got upset with me. We all went onto the craft, and I asked if they could drop me off because the driver was very upset with me. "Okay," he said, "Where?" "Along the beach a few miles," I replied. He asked for a street name, and I said, "Beachview." He paused and said, "Okay, that's close." They tried to examine me but had difficulties (not allowed), so they beamed me down after the van guys got off (the craft).

Jul 30th, 7:37 pm

Steve : Wow! I'm blown away by this. What are the odds? I have some questions. Would you have possibly been wearing long underwear that night? Were you a guest at the party we played at where we met you or did you come along from somewhere else?

Jul 31st, 7:16 pm

AL : Someone I knew, said he knew a guy having a party. He said if I could get a ride there that he would be there and would drive me home. I agreed. He said the host insisted on serving us drinks and that there is live music and a bonfire outside later, so I should wear long underwear, so I did. This guy never showed up, so when I got there, they weren't expecting me. I felt embarrassed. I didn't know anyone, so I sat in a corner quietly. QUESTION: Were you and the girl in the van friends with the 'hosts'? P.S. I'm going to message like this because this incident is the tip of a huge iceberg.

Jul 31st, 9:22 pm

Steve : Our drummer knew the hosts, and they asked him if he would bring his band and play a set. We had already played a gig earlier that night in Niagara-on-the-Lake, but we agreed. The girl that was with us (Anne-Marie) also knew the hosts. I don't think any of the rest of us knew them. I had the impression that you were not associated with the party. When the Canadian UFO Research Network investigated my case, I had remembered seeing someone on the craft wearing long underwear. They interviewed each of the band members, and no one had been wearing long underwear, so it had to have been you. I am wondering how you can remember consciously what happened. Have you undergone any hypnosis sessions?

Aug 1st, 4:25 am

AL : No, hypnosis. I've been following Simon Parkes (connecting consciousness), and he said when he was 50 years old, his memories from childhood on came back. It's the universe's way of saying, "You're wise enough now to accept it and deal and handle it." That blew me away because all of my memories started at 49. Just a reminder will bring something back like your story. In the last four years, a huge amount came back. There are a lot of other stories, some out of this world that came back. Are the drummer and the girl still friends with the party host? I am curious?

Aug 1st, 8:39 am

Steve : Not that I'm aware of. The drummer lives here in St. Catharines. I have tried a few times to talk to him about that night, but he doesn't want anything to do with the subject. The girl had previously dated the drummer. But later, she began dating the guitarist. At the time of our abduction, she must have been dating the guitarist, if your memories are correct. She later married him. They eventually divorced, and she married someone else and moved away. All members of the band are dead now, except for the drummer and me. Could we meet for coffee? I want to talk to you face to face. Do you still live in St. Catharines?

Aug 1st, 11:49 am

AL : I don't live in St. Catharines, and I'll message like this for now and follow YouTube as well. It's not you personally, but for my entire life, there were multiple life-threatening situations based on beliefs that I have a very powerful soul (maybe). Twenty-four attempts were successful, and I just returned to resume my 101-year mission. In the last year, I've severed ties with all but three family members and all so-called friends. They were all involved in compromising my safety. It's been backed by groups and religions, or individuals, and payment to harm (me) was a reward. They see me as a threat because I may come from a very high and powerful dimension. The E.T. visitors knew who I was! That's another story. So, the last year has been quiet and comfortable for the first time in (my) life.

By the way, this 101-year mission is the last stretch of a 3500-year total, not kidding. Almost all done and that soul you talked to before coming to life here may have been me. I remember speaking to someone about this place, and I was upset and depressed because of an event in the universe that was not completed.

(**Author's Comment** : Alexander appears to be referring to my pre-birth

memories, in which I was sent to speak to someone who had just returned from a life on earth. He feels that he might have been that person.)

Steve : That's fine. We can communicate this way. I understand. It sounds like you've been here a lot longer than I have. This is my first incarnation here, and hopefully, when it's finished, I will be going home, wherever that may be. I still don't remember that part. I know that certain people are targeted when they incarnate here. It didn't take me long to realize that I was right to be afraid to incarnate here. It ended up being a lot worse than I thought it would be.

When it's over, I may take Simon Parkes' advice and not go into the light. I don't want to come back here ever again. From what I've observed, humans are a farmed race whose negative emotions are used as food by negative ET beings. We were seeded here. The earth doesn't belong to us. It never did. We are just the most recent civilization to inhabit it. We are monitored from bases located on the moon and the earth. When we die, we keep getting recycled back here again and again. Other benevolent beings want to help us. Both are living among us. There is also a solar event coming that will change everything very soon. Does any of this resonate with your thinking?

AL : I agree with what you just said, and I remember dinosaurs and tropical vegetation and climate. That's when my first visit was! Now about the solar event, that could be possible. What I know is that higher powers are fed up with the troubles and headaches that this place is full of. Some want to destroy this place; I know that, and I said to wait and that I'll try to make some positive changes. I'm still trying!

Aug 9th, 6:29 pm

Steve : Well, you don't need to tackle that problem single-handedly. I believe that's why most of us are here collectively. The Solar Flash is real. Every major religion refers to it. It occurs at the end of what the Mayans and Hopi call The Great Year, which is 25,960 of our years. It's a cycle, so it has happened before. But it's not supposed to be something to fear. It's an ascension event. It's supposed to take us to the next level of our evolution. They're saying it will occur sometime before 2020.

I'm looking forward to it.

Aug 9th, 8:12 pm

AL : I know exactly what you're saying. On a crossover I had around 2014 as I was going to source, I noticed other "beings" beaming energy down on

earth, and their reason was to speed up the dimensional change. I know mother earth, and she has to be involved. It wasn't helping, and I told the higher beings that, so they said, “You try with attitude.” I went to source for confirmation and talked to mother earth for a while, and she agreed with my reassurances. So, the big start happened around the spring of 2014, and I saw it all happen, so you’re right about that. I don't recall the exact year we all will experience the change, but mine started in August 2015.

Aug 14th, 6:52 pm

(**Author’s Comment** : This ‘crossover’ that Alexander is referring to seems to be a memory of what he experienced in some near-death, or perhaps an out-of-body experience when he ‘crossed over’ to the other side. I asked Alexander what happened after we returned to the van after the incident. I wanted to know what happened to him.)

AL : The ship went out to Lake Ontario because they wanted to talk more. The leader wanted a gift for dropping me off, and all I had was $5.00. So, he got very irritated and wouldn’t let me off. They know who I am in a higher dimension and wanted a gift of power. He didn’t get it, so he shoved me off the ship. When I got onto the ground, neighbors whom I knew were witnessing this. The leader and I then got into a confrontation over my lame gift. It got pretty bad, and the neighbors saw it all. P.S. I was never a plant, and they are still tracking me.

(**Author’s Comment** : What Alexander is responding to here is a remark I had made during an interview where I suspected that the hitch-hiker might have intentionally been planted with us for the sole purpose of opening the van door and letting the being in. He states that he was never a plant.)

AL : Last one (UFO encounter) was in 2015 at Eastchester and Cushman in ‘midday.’ I couldn’t believe it, and there was a dozen or more witnesses. It lasted for 10 minutes with ship exposed, beaming me up.

No one has ever mentioned it except one guy who said to me as I was leaving the area, "You know aliens too." Everyone else was looking at me in shock or doing the sign of the cross. I was very relaxed and chuckling away. What else could I do? That ship was the biggest I had seen yet and took me for a ride. Once again, they were looking for a ‘power’ gift.

Aug 14th, 10:03 pm

(**Author's Comment** : Alexander seems to feel that the ETs regard him like some powerful higher dimensional being that possesses latent powers and abilities that most of us don't have. He claims to be here on earth to fulfill a 3500-year mission and that he can remember many previous lives dating back to the dinosaurs and the creation of the pyramids of Egypt.).

Steve : I just did a Skype interview on Revolution Internet Radio earlier tonight. I talked for 2 1/2 hours. I mentioned that I have been in contact with you, but I didn't tell them your name. I wouldn't do that without your permission. You can trust me on that. I'm just grateful that you contacted me. You are the only person who can corroborate my story and are a major piece of the puzzle. Where did the beings take you after we went back to our van?

Aug 15th, 4:17 am

AL : We just hovered over the lake, and I believe we went underwater. I asked to see their base, and they showed me quickly. I appreciate you not giving out my name! Thanks. In 2015 they took me back to their home for some reason, and when I got back, a witness said I was gone for 4-5 minutes, and it was longer up there. They wear body armor now for protective reasons even up there. It is black and when in it they stand about 6ft. It looks similar to Darth Vader and extremely strong! I tested them in a friendly manner.

Aug 15th, 6:47 am

Steve : Those sound like Iron Man suits. They cost about $850,000. That is something our black ops military uses. I'm starting to suspect that these aliens are not real aliens, or are at least working with our Military Industrial Complex. The US government has been doing staged abductions designed to appear like real alien abductions. They even have programmable life forms designed to look like grey Zetas, according to Dr. Steven Greer. When I unscrewed that knob from one of their cabinets, I shouldn't have been able to do that. Their ships are not supposed to be built with nuts and bolts. Real alien ships are grown, not built. They are alive. The pilot interfaces with them by placing his hands on a panel that has three depressions in it to match his fingers. Then he can control the ship telepathically.

Aug 15th, 11:36 am

AL : Well, this is what I saw on the ship. I asked if I could see inside the armor (in 2015); the pilot said the General wouldn't allow it, but he has to step

off the bridge soon. When he did, the pilot stepped forward, and the armor opened up like a side by side fridge, his feet rested just above the knees to give him the height, 6 - 6.2 ft. Secondly, when I asked about piloting, they were doing as you said exactly, hand on the panel using your mind to control. They let me try it, and as soon as I put my hand down, I understood the ship, it had to accept me, and it did, and off I went, slowly at first using my mind. It was like I was a part of it (like walking in a field with potholes and sharp rocks everywhere where I should place my footing.) it felt so natural, and I made decisions with ease. We went to a ship terminal where there were several about a dozen or so other large ships.

Aug 16th, 6:27 pm

Steve : A friend of mine in New Zealand was allowed to fly one of their craft the same way. I never got the opportunity. I haven't been up in one as far as I know. I've been inside them several times, but always when they were on the ground.

AL : They need to have some relationship or connection to authorize this. I have a connection in a sporting entertainment role with them, and it has been for quite a while in the obvious ‘past.’ I’m the only foreigner that is involved. It has to do with single piloting open crafts on a track like a coliseum. There are mega-thousands of spectators and viewers.

(**Author’s Comment** : Alexander seems to like to drop little tidbits of information on me, such as this. He is revealing that his connection with the beings has endured over many lifetimes. As to whether or not his claims are real or not, I choose to suspend any judgment. If I was able to meet with him face to face, I could probably discern a lot more from his facial expressions or body language, but communicating only by texting, leaves me at somewhat of a disadvantage.)

Aug 17th, 1:43 am

Steve : Cool. I knew you had to be working with them in some way. My friend in New Zealand had been working with them since she was a small child. They worked with me since I was a small child, too, until around 1976, and then for some reason, they stopped. I don't know why they stopped. I wish I knew. There was one particular being that I felt I had established a good rapport with. When I was a child, he told me to call him 'Commander,' but I later came to know him as Rigel. I believe he was the one who sent me here to earth and gave

me a mission.

In my pre-birth memories, I didn't want to come here, but he finally managed to pressure me to agree to come here, but only on the condition that he would visit me and check on me now and then to make sure I was okay. When he finally stopped coming, I felt that he had abandoned me on this hostile planet, and I have been angry with him for many years because of it. When I was three years old, they gave me an implant that allowed them to track me and 'see what I see and hear what I hear.'

I was able to call them and communicate with them through that implant until some malevolent beings got control of the technology at their end, and damaged it. In 1983, I began having hypnosis sessions and managed to recover most of my memories of my experiences with them. I was determined to remember. At the end of each experience, they would have a very difficult time wiping my memory. I was very resistant and I kept insisting that I would remember. Perhaps the reason they stopped coming was that they couldn't control me. They could no longer keep their presence a secret from me. I had blown their cover.

They let you keep your memories. It often makes me wonder how many people might be having experiences with them, perhaps throughout their entire lives, and yet never remember them? I wasn't going to let them do that to me. I would have been willing to work with them if they had been honest and upfront with me and allow me to keep my memories, but they wouldn't. So, it became a stalemate.

Aug 17th, 3:16 am

Steve : The video of the Skype interview I had on Revolution Radio on Tuesday evening has now been released on YouTube. Here I am describing my father's UFO abduction in 1959 and a second experience I had with my band in 1973 at Brock University. Two more parts are to follow shortly.

https://youtu.be/SR5cAV_ucuM

Aug 17th, 5:57 am

AL : I listened to Skype, and you jogged my memory again. I was at Brock that night. You guys were with some musicians I hung out with. We got there late and spoke to the bartender because it was quiet, and (we) wondered why. One of my guys went for a walk to see why. About 20 minutes or so later, he said what you did, that the crowd was in a hallway.

We went back with him and saw everyone coming back saying randomly

about some ETs and a ship. We made our way back to Alphie's Trough when I saw you and Anne-Marie freaking out on someone. I kept walking, and Anne noticed me, and I think you did too, so I waved to Anne-Marie and kept walking. I was with two bands either weeks before or after, that played with a total of 4 other bands or so. The one band played U2 music. The other played George Thorogood music. That's why we happened to pop by to see what the crowd was like.

Aug 17th, 11:31 am

(**Author's comment** : Although Alexander claims to have been at Alphie's Trough the night the ETs abducted our audience, his memories of seeing Anne-Marie and I freaking out on someone don't match my memories. It's possible that, if he was there, what he could have seen was the band members freaking out on me for disappearing. But it was quite late, and I didn't recall anyone else being around. I don't have a solid date for the night we played at the Brock University pub, Alphie's Trough. At first, I believed that it might have been the same winter that my band was abducted, but evidence has been accumulating that it may have been possibly up to 3 years later.

Alexander stated that he was with some musicians that played music by the band 'U2'. U2 didn't come into existence until 1976, and George Thorogood became popular in the '80s, although his music may have been around before that. Unfortunately, I don't recall how long my band stayed together, but I suspect we were together for about 3 or 4 years. The Brock incident would have occurred near the end before the band split up. So, that could feasibly place the incident anywhere between 1973-76.)

AL : About Rigel, he didn't abandon you. You were probably at a point in life where they noticed you could carry on and succeed. They are always watching. You are learning a lot more, as they see it than if they were around because you would be dependent on them. At the end of your journey, you will realize this to be true. Rigel cares about you. That's why he advised and supported you in the beginning. Now, it's all up to you. Focus on positive energies and people around you, and you will succeed. They want you to fulfill your full-term here in a good, positive manner, and they realize it to be a struggle. I know that for sure. Hang in there; you won't regret it!

(**Author's comment** : Alexander may have some inside knowledge about my

relationship with the being that I call Rigel, or he could just be speculating. However, his logic does make sense to me. The agreement Rigel made with me to come and check on me now and then, was kind of a security blanket for me, knowing that he would be around. However, as I matured and adapted to life in this hostile environment, it was kind of like learning to ride a bike and then having your training wheels taken off.)

Aug 17th, 7:34 pm

Steve : That's amazing. I'm hoping that more people will come forward regarding the incident at Brock. Your comments about Rigel not abandoning me were needed. Thanks for saying that. That was the other reason I suspected they stopped coming around. Do you still get physical visitations?

Aug 17th, 8:53 pm

AL : The last physical visit was in 2015 by the Skyway in St. Catharines, (the Eastchester and Cushman incident referred to earlier). This other event that occurred was a bit different. In a matter of 4 nights of sleeping, I spent in the highest dimension that I know of, and all I did was work. I worked alone with a couple of aids that were present to give me whatever I needed. Now, I didn't remember when I was up there about the Golden Horseshoe where I lived, and when I went to have a rest period, the one aid said, "Have a vodka on me. I stared at him and asked, "What do you mean?" And he said, "That's what you like to drink down there, right?" I said, "Yes," and then I realized and said, "When I'm sleeping down there, I'm up here working." And he said, "Yes. The reason for resting up here is to go back down for 8 to 10 hrs to show whoever, that you're still living life as per 'normal'". I then asked at the end of the week, "I've slept for about 48 hrs, and it feels very, very, long up here," He said, "Time doesn't exist up here," which I knew, and he added, "The time you spent up here in those 48hrs of sleep is equal to 52 years." This occurred March 21-24th in 2017, just over a year ago, and it was the biggest most memorable crossover that was extremely productive.

(**Author's Note** : I had sent Alexander a link to one of my YouTube videos that he hadn't seen.)

Aug 21st, 3:27 am

AL : Thanks for sending the link. You mentioned Dolores Cannon a couple of times. I think I met her when she crossed over in 2014. I was on a platform

talking with others from another universe and noticed her being escorted up to the base of the platform. I could see her head, and her forearms were resting on the platform. When I turned away to continue my talks, she started right on talking out loud at me. I asked the escorts why she was here, and they said that the source wants me to meet her. I asked her for her name, and she said that it was Dolores Cannon.

I said that that was ok, but I am busy right now, and when I continued my talks, she started to correct my usage of words and overanalyze the talks in a very irritating way. So, so that you know, she was incarnated back to another planet on a higher dimension than earth. So now you know there are other planets and that is a 100% fact. She did tell me by the way that she just crossed over and was excited to see what was next. Well, she sees it, and she is not quite four years old. There is a base on the moon 100% fact I've seen it, and you mentioned aquatics up there, I didn't see a lot of water.

(**Author's comment** : Here, Alexander is referring to a comment I made regarding a later hypnosis session I had with a hypnotherapist in Grimsby, where I explored another lifetime. In this other life, I was able to travel to an aquatic moon. He must have thought that I meant our moon, but that was not the case.)

AL : You mentioned other physical visits, and I remembered that after the van experience and maybe Brock as well, a car pulled up at the end of my driveway a few months later. What caught my eye was the car itself. I've never seen one like it. It was a black four-door sedan type, with no auto (manufacturer's) logo and very executive like, but not familiar to any other car.

My dad came out, and two men got out of the car. One guy was 6 ft and husky, the other 6.4 ft and weighed about 240lbs. Strong looking guys, they had on black suits, and their skin color was off. I stared and smiled and said as I pointed at them, "You guys aren't human." They looked at each other, smiled, and said, "Don't talk about UFOs anymore!" My dad said, "He won't, I promise." But they wouldn't leave until I would agree. At first, I said, "No.," and when they grabbed my arm, I quickly said, "Ok!" They were powerful beings. They drove off in that unknown car to a neighbors house as well. They may have been greys, which I also met up with in late 2011- early 2012.

Sep 8th, 7:39 pm

Steve : It sounds like the 'Men in Black' to me. When I was about 12, I had an experience where I found myself sitting in the back seat of a very similar

vehicle with three greys sitting in the front seat. One had a wig on and was trying to appear human. He wasn't doing a very convincing job of it. He was driving the vehicle. I haven't talked about that incident yet. (I was briefly referring to in the Twelve Mile Creek incident which I wrote about in the chapter on the CUFORN investigation.) I'm under the impression that you have been working with the greys for many years. Do they assign you to do certain tasks for them?

AL : I won't do anything for them because they are rude and try to bully a lot. The last time I saw them was in late 2011 or early 2012. They were aggressive and a bit demanding. We got into a fight over their controlling personalities.

What I saw on two occasions was this, and you decide. The first time was right after the van experience. They drove up at my place, talked to my dad and me, and said to stay quiet about the saucer because I was going around talking about it. So were the witnesses on Beachview Dr. They were also warned. When they drove away, they went from a grey human-like form to what you and I saw on the saucer.

The second time was when I was with Ben (a pseudonym). We were on a platform outside of a medical clinic underground. To the right were some railway tracks, Ben said, “You’re going to see strange ‘beings.’ Act normal; they're sensitive about reactions to their looks. I saw reptoids who spoke perfect English (no accent), and then I met two greys (human form), that were in military-style uniforms. They had an accent (German), and they were aggressive and pushy. They asked me a lot of questions and tried to intimidate me as well. That story turned out very bad for them, very bad. There is much more to the story, but that’s what I experienced. These subway tunnels are everywhere, and the train speed is unbelievable!! It launched me off my feet when it passed about 30ft. I wasn’t in the sheltered area like I should have been, I was too curious about everything.

Sep 9th, 6:47 am

Steve : I have a map of all these underground tunnels that these trains travel through. They are incredibly fast. Can you describe what the trains looked like?

AL : Okay, at the time, the big picture was where I was going on time, so this is what I can remember about the train. When it passes, all you see is a flash and a bang, (faster than the speed of sound). I was only on it once from DC to... I think it was Albany N. Y. It’s a bit of a blur, but what I can say is that it was

similar to the speed trains in Germany or Japan, the inside had very comfortable bucket seats. The windows, I believe, were few and small, if any at all. I asked about a lounge compartment (jokingly) and two cars ahead there was one. My escort brought me up, and it was very nice. It was occupied with people he didn't know, so we went back to our seats. We traveled that distance in maybe 10 minutes.

(**Author's Comment** : Alexander told me of some other incidents he had of things I knew existed, but brought into question what he was doing there and how he managed to find himself involved in these experiences. There was more to him than he was letting on. He confided in me regarding a few unusual experiences, but for the time being until I can actually meet with him face to face, I have chosen not to reveal them at this time although I have kept a record of the conversations.)

Sep 9th, 9:01 am

Steve : You don't have a profile picture on your social media page, and there is no one on your friend's list and no posts on your timeline. You're a mystery, man.

AL : It's better for me to stay anonymous, because anyone following this may know who I'm talking to possibly. My phone has been bugged in the past, cops told me as well as others, so I don't know if that's possible with my social media, and they could pressure individuals to stay away. That IS my name, by the way. I thought you would have been approached because you went public, and I'm sure you're being observed lightly, so if I'm involved in telling you stories, it may get someone's attention, and that could be nasty. I'm not worried, but I don't want to bring you any headaches.

Steve : I can appreciate that. Thanks for looking out for me. When my case was first being investigated in the early '80s, a streak of bad luck happened to all the investigators from CUFORN and the hypnotist we were working with. She suddenly dropped the case and would not answer any phone calls from CUFORN. It was as though someone had gotten to her and threatened her, or something. One investigator's girlfriend received a call from a very robotic sounding voice that would not identify who he was. The voice asked for the 'male' of the house. When told he wasn't there, the voice said that "You and they must stop what you're doing immediately."

When the investigator came in the door at that moment, the caller hung up,

but the line was tapped, and there were clicks and bangs on his phone calls after that, especially whenever he mentioned anything about UFOs or my case. Since the release of my videos, I have not received any threats or strange phone calls.

Oct 5th, 9:32 pm

Steve : Hi, Alexander. I'm going to be doing a 'live' podcast with Grant Cameron on Oct. 16th. I was wondering if you'd be willing to join us. I don't know if you use Skype, but it would be great if you could join us to help verify some of the details of my case. You could cover your face if you like and use a pseudonym, so no one would know who you are. Let me know if you'd be interested in doing this. It would help me tremendously.

Oct 6th, 4:57 pm

AL : Hi, Steve, I need a bit more time to think about that. People have been inquiring about me, possibly to let me know that they're listening. So, I need to wait a bit.

Oct 7th, 1:01 am

Steve : Okay. Not a problem. I just figured it wouldn't hurt to ask. Grant is a pretty easy-going guy. He doesn't pressure people to reveal their identities if they don't want to.

I'm looking forward to doing this interview. I'm planning to release the Brock University incident publicly as well. I'll post details on how to listen in on my FB page as it gets closer.

Oct 7th, 4:21 am

AL : Do that, and that's great that you're still hard at it. Thanks for messaging.

Oct 7th, 8:13 pm

Steve : I don't want to lose contact with you. You're an important part of my story.

Oct 8th, 5:46 am

AL : No problem. Right now, I'm waiting for things to cool down a bit more.

Oct 14th, 9:36 am

Steve : This Tuesday, October 16th, I will be the guest on The Cameron Files on KGRA Radio. It will be good. I hope you can tune in.

Oct 14th, 11:27 am

I'll be making a note of it and will look for it.

(Update)

Sadly, it seems I have lost contact with Alexander. Shortly after my interview with Grant Cameron on October 16th, he broke off contact with me, much to my dismay. I searched for him on Facebook, and there were several blank profiles under the same name, but none seemed to be his. I sometimes wonder if he created all those blank profiles as decoys to throw me off the path.

I'm hoping he will read this book and eventually re-establish contact with me, "...when things *quiet down."* as he put it. He did tell me that he was being watched. I don't know where he currently resides, or much else about him for that matter. The only thing I know for sure is that he was the hitch-hiker we gave a ride to the night of my band's abduction. As for the rest of the information he provided me with, there is no way for me to verify it at this time.

Chapter 15

Integrating the Experiences

I've had over forty-five years to process my experiences with the beings and try to understand the part they have played in my life. As a result, I have done an incredible amount of research over the years and have explored many different cosmological concepts and ideas to try to make some sense of it. It has been a long road, obstructed by secrecy and disinformation, to derail me from discovering the truth about what has been going on and why. I have met many researchers and other experiencers along the way.

Regarding the experiencers, many of them are part of a multi-generational pattern, so I feel it has something to do with the bloodlines. These experiencers are often told that their abductions were pre-arranged and agreed upon before these souls were born on earth. This may or may not be true. The Grey's are not above using lies, deception, and coercion to obtain what they want. But that alone doesn't necessarily make them any worse than we humans.

There is a much bigger picture to be explored here. It needs to be viewed objectively, rather than subjectively, since it implies the establishment of pre-incarnational agreements that are not necessarily about us as individuals, but more about the direction of humanity in general.

For most experiencers, that can often be difficult, especially for those who feel victimized, traumatized, or violated by their other-worldly visitors. They may tend to take it personally. Every abductee eventually asks the big question, "Why me?" The fact that all conscious memory of the experience is wiped afterward, using an extra-terrestrial hypnosis technique, makes it even more disturbing. The subconscious mind will quite often try to reveal parts of the experience to the conscious mind of the experiencer through their dreams.

Although some experiencers are more than happy to forget the incidents, particularly if it was traumatic for them, or is a threat to their established beliefs about reality, it is not true in all cases. Many want very much to remember. I am one of those people who has struggled to remember, seeking the help of professional hypnotherapists until I had uncovered most of the memories. A few times, I stood up to the beings, not willing to succumb to their memory wipe.

After the Twelve Mile Creek incident, I found myself in the throes of a

battle of wills with one of the grey beings who was trying very hard to wipe my memory of the incident but refusing to give in, I insisted that I would remember. Eventually, this frustrated being resorted to using a subterfuge ploy to distract me. Pointing to a dandelion on the ground, he asked me, “What is the name of this flower?” The technique was effective enough to cause me to drop my guard for a split second to answer his question. It gave him an opening during which he was able to supplant the suggestion that I would forget the incident and move it into my subconscious mind. The diversionary trick succeeded, and I immediately forgot.

It became apparent to me that they can do this even from a distance, as I discovered at the end of the van incident. All the way home, I could hear them in my head telepathically telling me to forget the incident, but I clung to my resistance. Getting home, I immediately went to the kitchen and picked up a pen and paper to write down the experience in point form, so if they succeeded in causing me to forget, at least there would be documentation of the incident to help me recall it again.

The grey beings have very strict protocols that they are required to follow when performing an *abduction* . One of those protocols is to gain control of the will of the abductee. They must obtain the consent of the individual before they proceed voluntarily. Failing that, they may try for ‘implied’ consent. If they proceed without the individual’s consent, then they are violating the free will of the individual and breaking protocol. For them, this is like breaking the law, and although some of them may do this, they are supposed to abide by it.

After recalling these incidents during my subsequent hypnosis sessions, I was able to figure out a few things about them. I realized that our wills are just as strong as theirs and that we can win a battle of wills with them. However, they have a few other tricks up their sleeves that we may be unaware of, such as the diversionary tactic the being used on me. They have a vast knowledge of how the human mind operates, and unless you are trained in these diversionary strategies and have a good knowledge of psychology, you are most likely going to lose if you engage them in a battle of wills. Telepathy gives them an advantage because they can rally their team-mates to assist them in a unified effort to influence you. They are masters of strategy.

Another thing discovered about them is that when they abduct a group of people, such as my band, they use a separation strategy, in which they separate you from one another, ideally providing one being to interact with each human in a one-on-one exchange. This is something that is also practiced by law

enforcement officials and also used in military interrogations. We need to understand that these beings are soldiers and have studied many of the same psychological techniques taught to our soldiers when capturing prisoners. Because these beings are soldiers, they have a chain of command, just as our military forces do.

They are trained in the language of the people in the area where they will operate in and generally have a good knowledge of the words used in our vocabulary. If you encounter beings who aren't familiar with your native language, they are most likely there by accident, or out of their jurisdiction. But, if they speak to you telepathically, or audibly in your native tongue, then they have probably been operating in that geographical area for quite some time and may have an underground or underwater base within the nearby vicinity.

If they don't know your language, they will telepathically communicate using mental pictures or symbols, which can be interpreted ambiguously, so there is a margin for error. Generally, they will pick up our language quickly if you were able to spend any appreciable length of time with them. If they don't understand a word in your vocabulary, they will ask you its meaning. It's an ongoing learning experience for them to interact with us, as well as it is for us.

In the incident with my band, the entity that I was dealing with asked me the meaning of two words. The words were ' *underwear* ' and ' *souvenir.* ' I had asked the leader if I could keep my underwear on during the examination. He asked me what underwear was, and I responded by pulling on the band on my underwear to show him, to which he agreed, allowing me to keep them on. The other word 'souvenir' I used when I gave him a soprano recorder and asked him if he would like to keep it as a souvenir. He asked me what a souvenir was. So, I told him it was a gift to remember me by. I often joke that it is now probably in some alien museum somewhere on another planet. But, it's interesting to note that 'souvenir' is a French word, which was adopted for use in the English language. If he was only trained in conversational English, it might explain why he didn't understand the meaning of the word.

When conversing with them, I would speak to them audibly, and they would reply to me telepathically in perfect English with no apparent accent, which leads me to question whether accents can be projected telepathically, or if accents are a distortion of human perception, dependent on our pronunciations and cultural influences.

I have been asked what it is like to be on the receiving end of telepathic communication. The best way to describe it is that it is a lot like reading. As you

are reading the words in this book, you are not hearing them audibly, yet silently perceiving the words in your mind as you read them. You are consciously aware that these ideas are not coming from you, but from the pages that you are reading. But you understand them perfectly. Telepathy works very similarly. You perceive the words in your mind, knowing that they are not your thoughts. Yet you receive and comprehend them perfectly.

When you read something, and you perceive the meaning as words in your mind, in whose voice do you comprehend the words? Is it your own? Maybe not. You want to say that you are 'hearing' the words in your mind, but you are not, because they are not audible vibrations passing through your ears to get there. You are imagining that you hear the words. So, when you read, you perceive the words through your sense of sight, rather than your sense of hearing. A blind person can read using Braille. So, they perceive the words through their sense of touch, but they still imagine that they hear the words in their minds.

When the beings communicate with you telepathically, the words do not come from their mouths. They come from the eyes. And you receive the words through your eyes. If you are not looking at their eyes, you don't hear them. You can tell what they are saying even when they are looking at someone else and not looking directly at you. I would say that if you can see their eyes, you can most likely 'hear' what they are saying. When the members of my band were abducted, and the leader entered the van, he communicated through his eyes. When he began to choose who would be going with him, he turned his attention to me. I looked down at the floor. Somehow, I knew that if I kept looking at the floor and didn't look at his eyes, he wouldn't be able to choose me.

I could tell he was staring at me and could feel the tension building in me. When I could no longer endure the pressure, I looked up at him, and he said, "And you." If he could speak audibly to me, the eerie silence would not have occurred, but he had to wait until I looked at him to convey his message to me. He knew that I was aware of this, and he waited patiently for me to make eye contact with him.

However, telepathic messages can still be relayed over long distances without the beings being in your presence. For instance, I could hear them in my head as we were driving home, telling me to forget that the incident ever happened. I was engaged in a telepathic argument with them all the way home. So, there is more to telepathic communication than meets the eye. For this reason, I would say that there is local telepathy and non-local telepathy.

Local telepathy works best when there is eye contact, whereas non-local

telepathy focuses more on intent and mentally focusing on a particular individual, or target with which you are attempting to communicate. Non-local telepathy appears to be unhindered by distance, and thoughts are 'projected.' Messages can be sent and received faster than the speed of light. This seems to suggest that it involves aspects of consciousness relating to quantum tunneling or entanglement. That is why some CE-5 attempts to contact extraterrestrials are successful.

When I got out of the van and stood face-to-face with the being who picked up the drum, I was thinking, "Man, are you ever ugly." The being immediately turned his face away from mine so I wouldn't have to look at him, and I felt his embarrassment and almost a sense of shame. Then, I began to wonder if the thought was me thinking that about him, or him thinking that about me. Perhaps both of us were thinking the same thought simultaneously.

This is interesting to me because I quickly discovered that you could not hide anything from them. They always know your thoughts. When I stole the knob from the drawer on the ship during the band abduction, I was not able to hide that fact from the leader. He knew that I had taken something immediately. He could feel my guilt, revealing that *emotion* is one of the key components of successful telepathy. Another instance of this occurred when I gave him the soprano recorder. I began to wonder if I could purchase another one like it, and he picked up on that immediately and asked me if I wanted it back.

Is this because he could read my thoughts, or was it because he had a much greater intuitive ability? We, as humans, communicate with each other on many different levels, both consciously and unconsciously. We also communicate with each other intuitively. Doing it all the time, we usually aren't aware of it. When close to someone, we always seem to know what they are thinking. There are times when you might finish each other's sentences. Or, you comment on something, and the person with you says, "I was just going to say the same thing."

These beings are more adept at picking up messages on these other levels than we as humans are. It may not be so much about conveying thoughts as it is about sensing feelings or emotions. They have an advantage over us because they communicate directly with their minds and therefore have not become dependent on the conveyance of ideas through verbal means as we have. They do have a language of their own, but it is more a symbolic or pictorial language, in which one symbol can represent a far greater conveyance of thoughts and ideas through telepathy than we can present in perhaps several paragraphs of our

primitive verbal language.

This would be quite evident if you were communicating with a being that wasn't trained to understand your native tongue. Symbolic language like this is universal, and we also know it, though it is not readily available to our conscious minds. You can see examples of it in crop circles which I believe are subliminal messages directed at our subconscious minds. Consciously, we see them only as artistic geometric patterns, often attractive to look at, but we can only guess at their meaning. However, deep within our subconscious, perhaps at the level of our spirit, we may know exactly what they mean.

Symbols are usually designed to bypass our conscious minds and are meant to be picked up by the subconscious mind. They are subliminal mnemonic triggers. Wikipedia defines mnemonic this way:
A mnemonic device, or memory device, is any learning technique that aids information retention or retrieval in human memory. Mnemonics make use of elaborative encoding, retrieval cues, and imagery as specific tools to encode any given information in a way that allows for efficient storage and retrieval. This is how they can subconsciously program an experiencer with a mission that will, at some future date, be triggered by a particular event.

Crop Circles are mnemonic symbols designed to activate sub-routines hidden within us somewhere. They might be hidden in our subconscious mind, or perhaps within our bodies somewhere. Implanted programs perhaps are to be found in our DNA, or in the areas of our brains that control all our autonomous bodily functions. These self-replicating programs are passed on from generation to generation in a genetic family line, or they can be physical implants placed there without our conscious knowledge. When we see a symbol that activates the mnemonic, data is released, and we may receive a download of information at the proper time.

This could likely be one of the reasons that the humanoids administer implants to abductees. It must be said that our governments use implants as well, which leads us to the RFID chip, which is, in fact, an implant. Implants are currently being designed to connect people to an artificial intelligence network through Blockchain technology. Trans-humanism is the term used when man integrates with machines to gain superhuman abilities. Some people might see this as something beneficial, but it may be just another mode of mind control for the further manipulation of humanity. These innovations are slated to occur very shortly. AI networks are already in place and connecting right now.

I was given an implant by the greys when I was around two or three years

old. It allowed them to see what I could see and hear what I could hear. When you consider this, what an incredible way to observe and study humanity! Maybe I was given the implant to test it for them. The Commander (Rigel) was also able to communicate with me through this implant and could hear my replies when I answered him. This implant was directly connected to my cerebral cortex, as it plays a key role in attention, perception, awareness, thought, memory, language, and consciousness.

Doubtless, our military is using similar implant technology today to monitor people and spy on them. It is a very effective tool for acts of espionage. And it is one of the tools used in 'voice to skull' technology, in which unscrupulous people might use it to cause a recipient to feel that he is hearing the voice of God in his head, giving him instructions to commit an act of terrorism. Fortunately for me, the communication part of the implant stopped functioning after only about a year or so. I ceased hearing the voice of the 'Commander' in my mind at around the age of 3 or 4. Whether or not the other aspects of the implant were still functional is unknown.

At around seven years old, I discovered what was possibly an implant, behind my left ear. It felt like a little bump under the skin behind my ear. Eventually, it receded deeper into the tissue behind my ear and disappeared after a few years. This discovery coincides approximately with the time of the 12-mile creek incident.

They may have been testing this implant out on me in the late fifties. It makes sense that they would test it out on small children. This would be a good way to secure its secrecy. If the child told his parents that he was talking to a man in his head at the age of two or three, would they believe him? I can't help but wonder how many children who have had 'invisible friends' may have been talking to real ET beings.

When I told my mother about the incident, I had at around two years old in Owen Sound, she said that I was too young to have such an advanced conversation with the beings. But we must remember that these beings were communicating with me telepathically. In two-way telepathic communication, the beings were able to know my thoughts, even if I was too young to be able to express them in words.

When a toddler wants something, and they are too young to form words to make conversation, they usually point at the thing they want. The parent may understand, or they may not. Sometimes the child will cry out of frustration that his parent doesn't understand what he wants or is trying to convey. With

telepathic abilities, these beings don’t need words. They know your thoughts and feelings and can directly communicate with a toddler without the limitations of speech. Having this ability allows for some reasonably advanced conversation with a small child, even though that child is not yet adept at verbal communication.

Young children are often smarter than their parents give them credit for. They just can’t put their thoughts into words yet, so the parent often assumes that the child is not as intelligent as they truly are. They may not even consider the child’s ability to think and reason. Later, as the child gets older, he may remember an incident and begin to ponder or analyze it as he develops this ability, thereby gaining a better understanding of what happened, even if he didn’t fully understand it at the time it occurred. The memory may, or may not, fade over time, but even if it does, regressive hypnosis can often bring it back.

Children are closer to source than most of us realize. They don’t experience reality through the filters that we, as adults do. Their perception of life is still in pristine condition, not having been distorted by so many of the lies and behaviors we are taught as we get older. We eventually become inundated with data from the education system, religious propaganda, political forums, and antiquated sciences still clinging to obsolete ideas that have not caught up with the latest findings in the quantum world. We are continually being told what and how to think. Until we overcome this programming, we will not be able to move forward effectively as an intelligent species.

Chapter 16

The Astral Realm

At some point during my life, I discovered that I could astral project. I need to make one thing clear before delving into this subject. The extraterrestrial experiences discussed in this book were NOT astral. They were real physical encounters that occurred when I was fully awake, conscious, and in the body. Neither were they induced by drugs or alcohol. Having developed the ability to astral project, if anything, has assured me that they were not lucid dreams or astral experiences, as I well know the difference between them.

When I was younger, I had many out-of-body experiences until I began to consider Christianity. Christianity, I discovered, tends to demonize anything involving altered states of consciousness or any attempts to connect with the spiritual realms. If I had told them of my extraterrestrial experiences, surely, I would have been ostracized or thought to be possessed by demons and a prime candidate for *deliverance* . Astral projection, or Lucid Dreaming would likewise be considered taboo. When I tried to conform to Christian ideologies, I shelved all my paranormal experiences and no longer paid any attention to them. My ET experiences had ceased, and so had my astral experiences.

Several years later, after I had researched how Christianity came into existence through author Bart D. Ehrman's writings, I lost my faith in Christianity and left the church. At that time, I began to take another look at my ET experiences and began to read many books about the subjects from which my involvement with Christianity had held me back. Alchemy interested me and in particular, spagyrics, or herbal alchemy. Creating tinctures and some elixirs became my new hobby. Books on hermeticism attracted me, such as *The Emerald Tablets of Thoth* and *The Corpus Hermetica* . I read *The Kybalion* and Madam Blavatsky's book *The Secret Doctrine* , in which Einstein had a deep interest.

Two volumes of the Old Testament Pseudepigrapha, *The Nag Hammadi Library* , *The Books of Enoch,* absorbed my interest as did the channeled material in *The Law of One* series. I became immersed in the pursuit of knowledge, wanting to learn about everything. A tremendous sense of freedom filled my soul, as I was no longer being held in bondage by the doctrines of

religion. Now, I was free to grow spiritually and to explore whatever I chose to. A course in mediumship introduced me to spirit guides and my psychic intuition increasing substantially. To explore this more, I took a course in the Tarot as well. Never did I take these teachings to a level where I made money from them. Reading for friends was just a hobby to develop these newly discovered abilities.

Sacred geometry, the five Platonic Solids, Metatron's Cube, the Merkabah, and the Tree of Life were fascinating subjects to study as were Kabbalah and Qi Gong. I learned about the many different planes of reality. Quantum physics absorbed me as did several books on the concept of a holographic reality, including David Bohm's book *Wholeness and the Implicate Order* and *The Holographic Universe* by Michael Talbot.

My spiritual life began to blossom in unexpected ways, and I saw how everything was connected. Meditation helped me embrace unity consciousness. My knowledge increased exponentially. My greatest frustration was the inability to retain it all. There was just so much to learn that it would take several lifetimes to understand and integrate it all fully. But still, my studies continued. Some of the material was a little above my level of comprehension, but I read it anyway.

Even if I could only consciously understand ten or twenty percent of the material, I would still be further ahead than before, and the rest of it was feeding my subconscious mind, which was much better equipped to absorb it and assemble it coherently. The reward for my efforts would be an epiphany or an 'ah-hah' moment when it would suddenly all fit together.

Astral projection doesn't happen as often now as I would like it to. I discovered a technique whereby I could roll out of my body onto the floor and stand up next to my bed. Whenever I was able to do this, I would try to get outside to put some distance between myself and my physical body. I could then walk through walls, doors, and windows without opening them. A method came to me by which I could become conscious or wake up within my dreams. It was a mnemonic trigger that would alert me that I was in the dream state.

Whenever I would find myself wandering around in the dark, I would try to turn on a light. If my hand passed through the light switch, and I was unable to turn it on, I knew that I was dreaming and would immediately wake up in the dream. At that point, I could consciously gain control over the dream and choose where to go, or what to do, while still in the dream state.

Sometimes, I would find myself in a fourth-density copy of St. Catharines, the city where I currently live. I would often find myself downtown, and many

of the landmarks that exist in waking 3D reality I discovered also exist in 4D, but they are often somewhat different. Sometimes I would see buildings that have been torn down in the physical 3D realm, yet they would still be there as an energetic manifestation in 4D.

Many of the newer buildings that existed in 3D were not there in 4D. They were possibly not in existence long enough to establish a residual 4D energy pattern. The older buildings that still existed in 4D were probably residual energy patterns leftover from when the buildings had existed.

In the 4D realm or astral plane, I would sometimes meet people on the street and communicate with them. While talking to a man I asked him if he realized that he was out of his body. The man immediately went onto a catatonic state where his astral body was standing there in front of me, but his consciousness had left. It was as though someone had switched him off.

When I was out of the body, it was fun to experiment. Once I walked up the side of a building in front of some people who were amazed by my antics. It took an effort of sheer will to keep my feet against the side of the building, as I kept drifting away from it. It was enjoyable to see the reaction of the people watching me. Other times, I would stretch my arms out in front of me and take off like Superman. Everything around me would become a blur, as though I was traveling at supersonic speed.

One time I decided to look for the astral cord that kept me connected to my physical body. Reaching around behind my back I found it coming out from between my shoulder blades. It felt like a tree trunk about 4 inches thick, and it got narrower as I pulled it around in front of me to see it. I held it in my hands, and it was shimmering. It was sort of a silvery color with a glowing aura around it. It was proof to me that the astral cord does exist.

Another time, while in a supermarket, I spotted a young woman shopping. She seemed to be unaware of my presence. What would happen if I tried to merge with her astral body? Would we be able to occupy the same space at the same time? Would we become one person, or become two souls inhabiting one astral body? Or, maybe she wasn’t in her astral body. Maybe I was seeing her in her physical body. I had to find out what would happen. So, I approached her from behind and stepped into her. She became startled, and I could feel her fear. She let out a scream, and I immediately disengaged from her.

What had just happened? Had I momentarily possessed her? Returning to my physical body I woke up with full recall of the experience. So, it was possible to go into someone else’s body. What else was it possible to do in the

astral state? Native indigenous people were able to shapeshift. They could become a crow or a wolf and visit an enemy tribe in that form to spy on them.

From one of Carlos Castaneda's books, I learned that if the crow or wolf were shot with an arrow, the man projecting himself would die in his sleep. Would it be possible for me to do this in the astral form? It wasn't long before I got another opportunity to try it. Waking in a dream, I found myself in the astral body, so I began to affirm to myself that I was a crow. I kept on repeating it and concentrating on my arms becoming wings. On my arms, feather casings were emerging from the pores in the skin if you could call it skin.

Amazingly, my arms began turning into wings. My back changed shape and tail feathers emerged from the base of my spine. My face was changing, and my nose and mouth turning into a beak. Unfortunately, the highly ecstatic nature of my emotions caused me to get pulled back into the physical body, so I never got to complete the transformation. But it was enough to convince me that it was possible.

It always felt that there was an unseen spirit traveling along with me on these astral journeys and I would sometimes feel myself being turned by what felt like invisible hands and aimed in a particular direction. Were these my spirit guides? If so, it seems that they had become concerned about these transformational experiments I was attempting, and as a result, I was not permitted to have another conscious out-of-body experience for quite some time.

Perhaps they didn't want me to learn how to do these things. Perhaps it was bordering on black magic, or maybe they felt I was learning too much, too fast. Whatever their reasoning was, they stopped allowing me to astral project, or to become conscious in my dreams for a while until I was able to maintain a greater level of self-discipline.

Was I doing something wrong as far as they were concerned? If this is so, then there are limitations to what we are allowed to do when in the astral form. Someone is policing it. Now, many years later, I am not able to astral project as often as before, and when I do, it doesn't seem to last very long. Maybe I violated some astral laws, unbeknownst to me.

In the astral realm, objects can also be transformed by will or intent into other objects. I experimented with changing objects into other objects, just using will power, such as turning a key into a ping pong ball. Matter in the astral realm is much more malleable than matter here in the 3D world. Still, it's no wonder they say we create our reality, as it is possible to do this in the physical realm as well, but perhaps only to a much lesser degree.

There have been several instances where I have woken up in the middle of the night and discovered a shadow being, or some other being standing next to my bed. As soon as I would see them, I would be startled, and they would vanish. Seemingly when you are returning to a waking state in the physical body, your vibration lowers, and you are no longer able to see in 4D. This is why these beings seem to disappear. They may still be there in 4th density, but you can't see them.

A few years ago, before I sold my house while sleeping in bed, I felt someone touching my arm. It was a woman. She carefully wrapped her hand around my wrist and gently held it. The warmth and gentle pressure of her hand soothed me as I gradually started to regain consciousness. "Who is this?" I quietly wondered to myself. Is it my wife? No, my wife doesn't live here anymore. Then, I suddenly came to the startling realization that I lived alone!

As I quickly opened my eyes, I shouted. "Spirit, don't do that!" Immediately, my cat jumped up on the bed, ran toward me and suddenly stopped dead in his tracks and stared at the spot where the woman was standing next to my bed. It was obvious to me that he could see her, even though I was no longer able to. I tried to calm him by telling him that it was okay that it was just a spirit visiting. This incident showed me that even though I couldn't see the woman any more, my cat could, so she was still there!

Recently, I decided that the next time something like this happened, instead of panicking, I would suppress my fear and try to communicate with the visitor. If I didn't go into 'fight or flight' mode, maybe I would be able to communicate with the entity. A few weeks ago, I began waking up from the dream state and noticed a woman standing beside my bed.

She was blond with shoulder-length hair and fairly attractive. I did not go into fear this time. Instead, I smiled and said, "Hello," reaching my hand out toward her, attempting to shake her hand. But she disappeared regardless. I didn't see her make any attempt to leave, so I suspected that she was still there, though I was unable to see her. I was proud of myself for not giving in to fear.

Fear is not advantageous to me concerning the path I'm currently on. Having had all these experiences with the grey extraterrestrial beings combined with my astral experiences, it appears that I have reached a level of experience where I'm outgrowing this third-density world. I know too much now and don't feel that I belong here and never did. I've never been happy here because it is not my real home. Yet, I have this enigmatic feeling that I am exactly where I'm supposed to be at this particular time. It feels like I have been undergoing some

spiritual training throughout my entire life for something that hasn't happened yet. Possibly I have a mission to fulfill on this planet and until it is completed, I can't go home.

Many times, I have narrowly escaped death. I have suffered a heart attack while alone in my apartment, had cancer removed from my colon the size of an orange, and I have Type II diabetes. But I'm still here. Somehow, I feel that I am a ' *protected being* .' Someone doesn't want me to leave yet until my mission has been completed. Perhaps it's me. I still don't know what the full extent of that mission is, but it must be something pretty darned important.

Married twice, I never had any children. Children were never a part of my soul contract because children create karma, and karma keeps you anchored in 3D reality. However, I can't seem to dismiss the haunting feeling that I have a family somewhere else. Thinking about that, I begin to feel homesick, especially when I look up at the stars at night.

Chapter 17

The Mission

We are at a point where time seems to be speeding up. The harvest is coming. We are ascending. Soon, an event will occur that will change everything. We all seem to be aware that something is coming. Major spikes are occurring in the Schumann Resonance frequency, the earth's magnetic field is decreasing and is heavily lopsided, and the earth's poles have already shifted significantly from where they were before and are said to be shifting at a rate of approximately 30 miles per year. This world we live in is no longer sustainable. Scientists have proven that there have been at least five mass extinction events in earth's history and that we are teetering on the brink of the 6th. We are not the first intelligent civilization to occupy this planet, and I'm sure we won't be the last.

An evolutionary cycle is occurring, not only on our planet but on all the planets in our solar system. Our tenancy here may be coming to an abrupt end. I don't want to sound all doom and gloom, because there is a bright side to all this. Dolores Cannon, one of my favorite authors, claimed that the earth was separating into two worlds at a higher density level. The result will be a new 5D Earth, while the old 3D earth will ultimately come to an end and will no longer be capable of supporting life. An interdimensional veil will separate the two worlds. It will come down to a personal choice of which earth we choose to live on that will determine our future.

Those who are ready will choose the 'New Earth' and will experience a 5D pristine world of astounding beauty with no pollution, beautiful clear lakes and rivers, vast mountain peaks, and picturesque landscapes. Their bodies will be healthy, fit, and in the prime of life. They will be in their light bodies. This state of being will be similar to the astral bodies we experience in the lucid dreaming state we know as astral projection, but there will be no astral umbilical cord connecting it to a physical body. The choice to live on the New Earth is one that we are making right now and is reflected in how we live our lives and how we treat others. Many of us have already chosen a spiritual path of service to others.

Already I have made a choice to live on the 'New Earth', as many of you also have. When the event occurs, the physical body will be transformed in the twinkling of an eye into this wondrous new state of being. It will be a much

lighter state of being. These are high vibrational bodies that transcend far beyond the physical 3D realm. Those who choose the ‘New Earth’ will experience a completely different perception of reality. It will be seen as it appeared before the biblical fall of man, in its pristine condition. The ‘New Earth’ will no longer be under quarantine because its inhabitants will no longer be seen as a threat to their interstellar neighbors. We will be able to travel to other worlds throughout the universe as we choose to with complete freedom. Extraterrestrial beings will not be feared and will become commonplace. We will become Galactic Citizens living on the other side of what I call the extraterrestrial firewall.

We will have the ability to change into whatever form we choose to and will exhibit all the same characteristics that we do in the astral body. Gravity will not be experienced as the heaviness we have been used to in the physical world. With an effort of will, we will be able to levitate off the ground or fly like Superman. We will not require sleep or food, or the elimination of waste from our light bodies.

It will truly be better than anything we could ever have dreamed of. There will be no sickness or death since we are eternal beings with incorruptible etheric bodies. Unconditional love and mutual respect will be ours. It will truly be a blissful, utopian world. Eating will be for entertainment purposes rather than a requirement for our survival, and we will finally be free from the wheel of karma.

No wars or revolutions will torment us. Material possessions will not control our lives, and we will no longer need to work to maintain a position of abundance. Everything we need will be ours, so there will be no need for any governments to control us or keep us in slavery. That will all have passed away with the old-world paradigm.

Those who chose to remain on the old earth will be relocated to other worlds where they can continue to complete their 3D life experiences. They will still be immortal beings who will need to continue to grow and learn to deal with the lessons of 3D life so that they, too, will be able to ascend to the next evolutionary stage in their development.

Revelation, in the Bible, refers to a Holy City called the New Jerusalem that will come down from the clouds in the vicinity of the earth. The description of this Holy City sounds unmistakably like a giant spacecraft. Revelation chapter 21 goes into great detail about the description of this spacecraft from the perspective of a man named John, who at the time was exiled on the Island of Patmos. The Old Testament Pseudepigrapha is also loaded with tales of biblical

patriarchs being taken up into the heavens by extraterrestrial beings who the patriarch's thought were angels. To me, they were probably beings from a much higher density who had access to advanced technology, or highly advanced natural abilities.

It seems to me the New Jerusalem is a spaceport or docking station for extraterrestrial craft that will park in the vicinity of the New Earth where many of the ascended humans will choose to reside.

In our previous history, before a mass extinction event would occur, there was always a rescue plan in place. Sometimes, entire civilizations were removed from the planet without a trace, such as the Mayans, the Olmecs, and the Toltecs. Where did these people go? We may be about to find out. Certainly, all the Starseed people who came here to witness and assist in the event will be raised to the 5D realm or higher. Our celestial memory will return to us, and we will be reunited with our lost star families and welcomed home. I strongly believe that this will be the way it will play out and that it will take place very soon.

There is a great rise in consciousness for many who will be the administrators or Ambassadors of this shift. Spirituality is greatly increasing on a global scale. Many realize we are all one and love is the force that unites us all. Some call it Christ Consciousness. Undoubtedly, this was the message Jesus was trying to teach mankind.

In my pre-birth memories, I was told that if I could find the people who carry the teachings of a man named Jesus, and learn them, when I returned, I would go to a place far better than imagined. I feel that this is what the being I know as Rigel was referring to, except that it is not so much a place as it is a vibrational state of being.

The two greatest teachings Jesus taught when he was on earth was to love God (source) with all your heart and all your soul and all your mind and to love your neighbor as you love yourself. This teaching is the foundation of unity consciousness. It has nothing to do with religion and everything to do with service to others (in contrast to service to self).

So, why am I so sure that this ascension event will take place very soon? There is a 25,920-year cycle that the Mayans call the Long Year. It is known as the precession of the equinoxes. The earth has a wobble, like a spinning top when it begins to lose its momentum, and its axis starts to tilt and wobble as it spins. The earth's wobble occurs at a rate of 1 degree every 72 years, which means that it takes 25,920 years to complete a cycle fully. In space, there is no friction, so it won't eventually wind down and stop. This wobble will continue

for eternity or until some external force stops it. If you divide 29,920 by 12, you get 12 segments that we call Ages, which last about 2,160 years. These are represented by the 12 astrological signs of the zodiac. We are currently at the end of a complete cycle, transitioning from the Age of Pisces into the Age of Aquarius.

In the past, the end of a cycle was always marked by an event that involves our sun. In every major culture, there are references to a solar flash or CME (Coronal Mass Ejection) that occurs at the end of the 25,920-year cycle. This solar flash will have a huge impact on us, both physically and spiritually, and it is expected to occur any time now. It is difficult to determine a specific date for this event, as there are too many variables to calculate, but we know that it will happen very soon, perhaps within the next 3 to 5 years or so. Author and speaker, David Wilcock has done an intensive amount of research into the solar flash, or coronal mass ejection (CME).

Many of us have incarnated here on (Gaia) earth at this particular time to witness this phenomenon. This is a major event that has attracted the attention of extraterrestrial spectators from all over the galaxy, who are continually arriving in our solar system. They have been waiting for this. Within our subconscious minds, we are also aware this is coming, even if we may not be unaware of it consciously. Many hypnotists who perform hypnotic past life regressions and also future life progressions, a relatively recent phenomenon, are keenly aware of this coming event as their clients are talking about it while under hypnosis.

This affair has been reported by many popular regressive hypnotists such as Alba Weinman, Allison Coe, Dolores Cannon, Dr. Michael Newton, Dr. Brian L. Weiss, and many others whose work is readily available on YouTube. For there to be so many reports witnessed by so many hypnotists there must be a common connection taking place all over the world and it provides further evidence that somehow, on a subconscious level, we are all connected. These people are subconsciously witnessing an event that has not yet taken place. In some strange way, they are tapping into information from the other side of the veil, or firewall.

When this solar flash occurs, it’s going to change life on earth as we know it in a variety of ways. The earth, Gaia, is a living being, and she has a higher self that exists on the higher plains, just as we do. When this ascension occurs, we (who are harvest ready) will be raised to live in this higher realm, on the New Earth in our light bodies. The former paradigm we knew will have passed away. It will be a new earth with no pollution, no chemtrails, no poisoned food, and

clean, clear water. We can imagine it as the higher earth. But what will happen on the lower earth?

Another very under-rated researcher with a passion for astronomy is Bob Berman, co-author of the book *Biocentrics* with Dr. Robert Lanza. In Berman's book *The Sun's Heartbeat* , he outlines the effects of a CME, which occurred on March 13, 2013. The CME collapsed Quebec's power grid, knocking out five major capacitors and the 9,460-megawatt output from Hydro-Quebec's La Grand Hydro-electric Complex, leaving the province of Quebec without power for days.

The CME expected to occur shortly, marking the Mayan Long Year at the end of the precession cycle on the physical plane, could potentially knock out the entire global power grid. All electronic devices will fail. That means that vehicles won't start and people will be without electricity and heat. All communications systems will be down, and the food industry that relies on transport ships and rail systems to get food to people will be down. Furthermore, the containment systems around nuclear power plants will fail. Water will no longer be pumped to homes. And at present, there is no back-up plan. These are just some of the challenges that will occur on the physical plane.

Another side effect of the CME will be that the bases on the moon and the AI computer system producing the illusion we believe to be our reality will also fail. People will experience a different version of reality than they have all been conditioned to accept throughout their entire lives. This part may ultimately be beneficial. However, it may not feel that way to the masses who have become addicted to the old way of perceiving things, since this new reality will be completely foreign to them.

During or before this occurrence, the extraterrestrials may appear en masse in huge ships to relocate the people who remained on the lower earth 3D plain. They will be relocated to another planet similar to earth, where they can continue to live out their 3D learning experience and begin a new cycle of existence. They will not be left behind to perish, as some religious groups have maintained. Souls are eternal, and they will continue to survive in some form or another because energy cannot be destroyed, but only transformed.

Our universe is populated by myriads of interplanetary beings of various forms, and as we approach the event, they likely will be making their presence known to a far greater degree. Throughout history, they have fought wars on our behalf and have protected us from destroying ourselves as a mother protects her child, without us ever being aware of it. They walk amongst us, live and work

beside us, invisible, and they will be here to help us get through this transition. We are not alone. We have never been.

If I were to offer some advice to the reader, it would be to let go of everything that no longer serves you, forgive everyone who has hurt you, forgive yourself for the hurt you have caused others, and love yourself and all of mankind unconditionally. Let go of fear and all negative emotions. Don't allow yourself to become attached to the things of this world. They are only temporary. Trust that the Universe has a plan for you and we are all where we are meant to be at this unique time in the history of mankind. It has all been leading up to this. We are about to participate in an event of mass proportions, the likes of which we have never seen before. So, get ready. We are going home.

About the Author

Steve Boucher was born and raised in St.Catharines, Ontario. In the early portion of his life he lived in St.Catharines and also Owen Sound, Ontario. He has also lived in Nanaimo, BC and Gibsons Landing, BC where he spent a lot of time fishing. Steve learned to play the tenor recorder and then the flute and clarinet while living in British Columbia.

Today, Steve is a seasoned musician, singer, song writer and multi-instrumentalist having performed with numerous folk, jazz and rock bands over the years. He is also a fine artist having exhibited his pen and ink stipplings, paintings and coloured pencil drawings at local art shows and galleries around the Niagara Peninsula. His work has been sold to customers all over the world.

In addition to these talents, he makes his living primarily from his work as a 3D CAD draftsman, having designed architectural buildings, skylights, kitchens and bathrooms for various companies and private customers throughout North America.

He holds two Canadian Patents for inventions in the automobile industry and the wine making industry. Having been married twice, Steve now lives by himself and enjoys spending his time writing and doing artwork and is often called in as a studio musician to add woodwind tracks to other musicians' CDs. Steve has shared the stage with musicians such as Ron Sexsmith, Neil Peart, Valdy and others.

Steve has several interviews available on YouTube describing his unique extraterrestrial experiences, one of which has over 2.2 million views. He is deeply interested in unity consciousness, quantum mechanics, spirituality, UFOs and the evolution and ascension of humanity. Reach out to Steve at steve@experiencer.ca or samples of his work can be found at Experiencer.ca.

Epilogue

The experiences I have had with the ‘Grey’ beings have caused me to think in a very different way. I am grateful to be living in a time where we are discovering that we may be living in a quantum holographic computer simulation. For me, I’ve already accepted this as true. I am not a mathematician or a quantum physicist, so I cannot write the equations to explain it all, but I can grasp the basic concepts on a mental level.

All through my life people around me have claimed that aliens and UFOs do not exist and have regarded the subject as a joke, but they haven’t seen what I’ve seen or experienced what I have experienced. My reality has changed forever. Once that door has been opened, you can’t close it ever again and why would you want to? I consider myself extremely fortunate to have been gifted with the knowledge that I now have, a knowledge that few people ever come to realize.

However, it has been both a blessing and a curse, because it has also isolated me from others who have no idea extraterrestrial beings and interdimensional beings are real, which sadly is the majority of the people we meet each and every day. We work with them, live alongside them, and most of them don’t have a clue about what is out there. If I try to tell them about what I’ve seen, they get that ‘deer in the headlights’ look on their faces and I know that they think I’m crazy.

But I have often stated that I’m okay with that. I’ve wasted enough time keeping this knowledge secret. I used to worry about what people would think, but not anymore. It is what it is. I feel that if the experiencers keep it to themselves, they are actually perpetuating public ignorance. If we’re ever to advance as a species, we need to share our knowledge with others. We’ve all heard the expression, ‘Be the change you wish to see in the world’ which is attributed to Mahatma Gandhi. But that was not what he actually said. It has been paraphrased. What he actually said was:

> *We but mirror the world. All the tendencies present in the outer world are to be found in the world of our bodies. If we could change*

ourselves, the tendencies in the world would also change. As a man changes his own nature, so does the attitude of the world change towards him. This is the divine mystery supreme. A wonderful thing it is and the source of our happiness. We need not wait to see what others do.

– Mahatma Gandhi

There is a lot of wisdom in these words. It shows us that one man has the power to change the world by making a change within himself and the universe will reflect it back to him. In the last line of the quote, he is saying not to follow the crowd. Dare to speak your truth and not be afraid to stand up for what you know to be true.

I have been face-to-face with Grey beings and communicated with them on a telepathic level. I watched as one of them that I call Rigel, took one of my recorders and put it to his nostrils to produce a sound from it. At the time, I wondered why he didn't put it to his mouth to play it. Several years later when the Canadian UFO Research Network was working on my case, they showed me something that appeared to answer that question.

What they showed me was a Status Report written by Leonard Stringfield, probably in the late seventies. It described an alien autopsy of one of the Grey beings whose corpse had been recovered from a UFO crash, that he witnessed. I'm not sure which Status Report this is featured in. It seems he may have written at least five of them. I have listed three of them in the References section of this book that are currently available for purchase on the internet.

What he stated in that report to the best of my recollection, was that the being had one organ that did the job of the heart, lungs, and liver. He also stated that the being did not have a digestive tract as we do, but that the mouth was a kind of pocket that stopped at the back of the throat. This would suggest that the being may have been incapable of breathing through the mouth and therefore would have had to put the recorder up to his nostrils in order to blow air into it.

The physiology of these beings is quite different from our own. In some cases, female abductees who were involved in what Ufologists refer to as a

‘hybrid breeding program’ were later abducted and shown a hybrid child that they had been told that they were the mother of. In some of these cases, the women have asked the beings if they could take the child home with them. The answer they were given was, “No, because you wouldn’t be able to take care of this child.”

In other cases, women have sometimes given birth, normally, on earth to a hybrid child. These children appear human for the most part. Their physiology is probably also very similar, such that it would be difficult for a family doctor to identify them as anything but human. However, if the hybrid child has more of the characteristics of an extraterrestrial physiology rather than human, for instance, not having a digestive system, the earth parent would not be allowed to keep the child as they would not be able to take care of their needs.

These children are fed differently. They don’t eat the way humans do. From case studies I have read over the years, I’ve learned about a kind of clear plastic-like container, which may be cylindrical or shaped like a stylized chair, which has a lid that can close over the occupant. Breathing tubes are provided and the container is filled to full capacity with a liquid that resembles a kind of soup. The occupant absorbs nutrients from this liquid by osmosis through the skin.

In some cases, during abductions, human beings have been placed in these containers and subjected to this experience. This apparently is how the beings ingest nourishment. From the information I have read, when a human experiences this, they find the sensation quite pleasurable. So, it would appear that perhaps humans may also be capable of ingesting nutrients in this manner. So, why is it pleasurable? Perhaps the skin has taste buds that we aren’t yet aware of. The first time I learned about this method of consuming food, was in the book, *The Andreasson Affair* by Raymond E. Fowler.

There have also been some cases where grey beings have been reported eating food as we do. I suspect that these particular beings are actually human/ET hybrids that physically resemble the Greys, but their internal architecture may be more comparable to humans. Or, they may be a different species of Grey beings than the type Leonard Stringfield observed being autopsied, which I believe are the same type that I encountered. I don’t recall

ever hearing of any cases where Grey beings actually spoke audibly. Communication always seems to be telepathic. If the mouth is essentially just a pocket, and they are not able to breathe through it, there would be no way to vibrate any vocal cords to produce audible sounds and they may not even have moveable mandibles to enable them to articulate speech.

However, their ability to communicate telepathically with human beings is so effective that you can easily become oblivious of the fact that you are not hearing them audibly. When spoken to by the beings, I would answer them verbally. Whether they were able to phonetically understand my audible words or were rather receiving telepathically the thoughts intended behind my words, is something I have often wondered about. Personally, I think they can do both. They do have ears, though there is no external projection on the head, which makes me also wonder if they can hear directionally as well as humans do.

The beings are quite skilled at altering the illusion that we perceive as reality. You might consider this as a kind of mind control technique. I believe they have the ability to appear human if they so desire, but they don't actually shape-shift. It's more about altering how you perceive them in appearance. I have often wondered how this is done. I suspect they may either be employing a kind of illusory mind technique, similar to a post-hypnotic suggestion, or they use some sort of holographic projection.

They employ a similar post-hypnotic technique to cause an experiencer to forget he has ever had an experience with them. It's quite possible that the experiencer may actually be in a controlled hypnotic state throughout the entire abduction experience without ever becoming aware of it. I believe they have a kind of mesmerizing 'master key' that unlocks the hypnagogic state of the human mind, thus allowing them to 'program' the experiencer to see what they want him/her to see. Your best defense against this is by becoming aware that they can do this. If your will is strong enough, you can succeed in resisting it.

I have heard that the beings don't particularly like to be called 'Greys' and prefer to be called 'Zetas'. However, this suggests that they are from the binary star system known as Zeta Reticuli in the constellation of Reticulum, and perhaps they are. But not all Grey beings come from there. There are many

different varieties of them and they come from a number of diverse places throughout the galaxy. I have been told by some experiencers, that they are biological robots and not real live beings. But I'm convinced that the beings I had my experiences with were real extraterrestrial beings. They had personalities and were quite capable of expressing emotion.

One of those emotions was the intense love that I felt directed at me. It felt like infinite unconditional love and it seemed that this being could turn it on and off at will. To be on the receiving end of this love was somewhat overwhelming and I was deeply moved by it. It surprised me to discover that several other experiencers I've spoken to have also experienced this love, yet in contrast, others have claimed that they were very robotic in the performance of their duties, and did not exhibit any emotion whatsoever. The beings that I encountered were not like that. They seemed almost like humans in different bodies. There was no doubt in my mind that there was a 'soul' in there. Once I overcame my initial fear of them, I began to feel quite comfortable around them.

I believe that their souls are no different from ours. In fact, I have often entertained the thought that I could have been one of them in another lifetime. I felt as though I knew them. I have been asked if I feel that they are us from the future, and are actually time travelers. I believe that is quite possible and maybe even probable. If the reader wishes to explore this question in greater depth, I would recommend Diane Tessman's book, *Future Humans and the UFOs* , which I have contributed a few pages to.

The passage of time on the other side of the firewall is quite different than it is on our side. I feel that these beings possess the ability to traverse time both forwards and backward on a quantum level, which is faster than the speed of light, and I believe they also use portals, or an Einstein Rosen Bridge to accomplish this.

I'm very much hoping that one day these beings will return and that I will have the opportunity to speak to them again, now that I know what I know. I have a lot more questions I'd like to ask them. However, I still question their motives. I often wonder if they may be the very ones keeping us trapped in this holographic simulation that we have been conditioned to believe to be our

reality. Are they the administrators of this repeating cycle of reincarnation?

Is this feeling of unconditional love projected to us genuine, or is it just emotional theatrics to hide their true intent? The Greys are only one kind of extraterrestrial being. According to Paul T. Hellyer, Canada's ex-Minister of Defense, there are at least 5 different species of Extra-terrestrial beings visiting earth. Personally, I believe that there are many more than that and that some are living right here amongst us.

They may have several different agendas toward earth humans, which could range anywhere from wanting to guide us into the next phase of our evolution to become galactic citizens, to doing trade and commerce with us, to freeing us from debt slavery or even to dominate us for their own selfish ambitions. One thing I am certain of is that they are watching us. Keep this in mind next time you gaze up at the moon and stars at night. If one night you happen to be driving home on a quiet road and have a chance encounter with them, try to remain calm and keep your wits about you.

Don't panic. They may actually be more afraid of you than you are of them. You can't out-run them, so don't even bother trying. You'll only put yourself in danger of having an accident. Remain calm and let the experience unfold as it may. Do not be combatant. Be respectful and considerate. If their appearance frightens you, tell them that. They can take away your fear. Try to be cooperative. Think of them as you would think of soldiers performing their duty. They are acting under authority and they have protocols they are required to follow. They can get into a lot of trouble if you are harmed or your property is damaged.

Ask them what they want. If it is something you are okay with, be cooperative with them and then you can be on your way. If it's something you strongly object to, tell them that you don't agree to that and that if they attempt to force you to comply, it will be considered a violation of your free will. They may do everything they can to convince you to cooperate with them, but it comes down to the fact that they need your consent. They may try to convince you that you have no choice. You do. Hold your ground. Don't give in to them. If you are religious, you can call upon the name of Jesus, or begin praying for

help. Often, this has been known to deter them.

However, they are not demons. They are souls, and you are one with them because you share the same spirit. Other than their physical appearance, they are not so different from you. If it bothers you to look at them, tell them that their appearance is disturbing to you. They can change the way you perceive them to make you feel more comfortable. In fact, you don't even need to tell them. They will already know. You just need to think about it.

Make it your intent to try to feel comfortable around them. They will help you. If you can do that, you will be in for a very exciting and unusual experience. But if they tell you not to do something, (like not to touch the ship's hull) don't do it. They are telling you for good reason. I can say this from experience.

Be careful what you think. Your mind is an open book to them. You can't hide anything. So, try to keep your thoughts and emotions positive. This is very important in managing your attitude and how you come across to them. They are extremely sensitive to your feelings and emotions. If you have a hostile attitude, the encounter could turn very unpleasant. Their respect for you is a courtesy. It is not required.

This goes for bedroom encounters as well. If you wake up and discover the beings in your bedroom, don't panic. Usually, the beings hope you will just believe you are having a strange dream. They will try to make you go back to sleep. But, if you know you are awake, again try not to allow yourself to give in to fear. Try to communicate with them. Ask them to help you control your fear. It's good if you can communicate with them. If you are experiencing negative emotions, then that is what you are projecting outward to them.

Communication will help you to establish empathy with them and will help to stabilize your fear. I know that may seem to be easier said than done, but I strongly believe that you would have a lot more to fear from an unidentified human being in your bedroom, than from these beings. In my experience, humans have done more damage to me personally, than the Greys ever have. We are more dangerous to them than they are to us. I feel that they have a higher moral code than we do, to the extent that they would rather forfeit their own

lives than take ours, even in self-defence.

They don't react recklessly in unfamiliar situations the way humans often do because of fear. Their telepathic ability gives them a superior advantage in this regard. We humans often react out of fear in unfamiliar situations, because we don't know what a potential adversary may do. They do. You can't hide your motives from them. They always know what you're going to do. So, I would advise that you not play poker with them. You will lose.

Having said all of this, I hope that the reader has gained a better understanding of these beings we refer to as the Greys. As far as disclosure is concerned, more and more is being released to the general public every day. The mainstream media are showing video clips of UFOs, and interviews with military personnel. Information is being shared that has never been shared so openly before. Documents that were once protected by non-disclosure agreements are being leaked and the world's perception is changing.

Ground-breaking movie documentaries are being released and people are finally beginning to take the subject more seriously. More and more experiencers are opening up about their experiences and writing books, making videos and becoming less apprehensive about telling their stories to the public. Why is this happening now? The US Air Force now has a Space Force. We're also hearing a lot about Secret Space Programs and whistleblowers. These are the harbingers of a new age of enlightenment. People are waking up. They are tired of being lied to.

As I mentioned earlier, I feel that an event is coming soon and that if we are not prepared for it at least to some degree, we may be unexpectedly caught off guard. These are exciting times we are living in. We are becoming much more conscious of the fact that reality is not the way we thought it was. So, be prepared for anything. An encounter with the unknown could happen to you at any time when you least expect it, from beyond the extra-terrestrial firewall.

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